

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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# THE ACADEMY

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## Notes of the Week

WE did not expect to have to find fault with the appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs to the position of Lord Chief Justice of England on the ground that he was incompetent. But after reading the case of *Ghent v. Fitzgerald* we have no doubt that the occupant of the highest position on the English Bench does not know the rudiments of the science of law in civil cases, which are quasi-criminal cases. We observe that the jury were unable to agree, and we think that no jury composed of human persons could have come to an agreement after a summing-up of four and a quarter hours. Several years ago we wrote in the columns of this paper that the art of summing-up was contained in the power of an analytical mind to dissect the salient points which occur in all cases, and to present them in the simplest form to the—in a legal sense—uneducated mind of a jury. We cannot believe that the salient points which occurred in the case to which we have referred could not have been compressed into a lesser space of talk than four and a quarter hours. In our own experience we have observed how juries become wearied and confused when persons in a judicial capacity over-elaborate the charge to them. We retract nothing we have said before as to our objection to the appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs to the Lord Chief Justiceship, until he had had time to live down circumstances to which it is now unnecessary to refer. We were quite aware that the present Lord Chief Justice is a clever if not a remarkably able lawyer, but we think a little more reticence and a great deal less volubility will be required if he is to attain to the position of a great judge.

We notice that Mr. Justice Avory has been entering a protest against magistrates committing cases of no very

great importance to the Assizes. Mr. Justice Avory is a recent recruit to the Bench of the High Court, and, therefore, any little excursion which he makes—with limited knowledge—should not be too harshly judged. As a son of the late Clerk of Arraignment of the Central Criminal Court we should hardly have expected the Judge to have been guilty of such an indiscretion. We are aware that several Judges of the High Court have expressed similar views, but we should like to ask why the magistrates who officiate at Quarter Sessions without remuneration—and who are sometimes sneered at as "The Great Unpaid"—should be overburdened with work which the Judges of the High Court are possibly equally competent to deal with. These gentlemen receive very nearly one hundred pounds a week for discharging their duties, and we think they should not squirm. We should like to remind the learned Judge of certain passages in *Magna Charta* wherein he will find on reference that justice is not to be delayed to any man. If the Quarter Sessions come earlier than the Assizes, magistrates who know their business always commit to the Sessions, but if the Assizes occur earlier the committal is to the Assizes because both Courts are courts of gaol delivery.—Q.E.D.

We have been in the habit of condemning trade unions as devoid of all sense of equity, and as disposed to defy the law of the land. We are glad to modify that opinion, because Mr. Havelock Wilson, the President of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, has come forward in manly fashion and knocked the grotesque person, Larkin, out in once. Mr. Wilson has published a statement that the Dublin branch of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union has for two years been under the domination of this half, if not wholly, mad person. Mr. Wilson does not shrink from saying that Larkin is an untruthful person; that he has put forward various reasons for his action which will not bear the test of examination. He has said one thing and he has meant another. The worst of a pestiferous person of this kind is that he addresses his insane remarks to the least educated portion of the community, who, being incapable of intelligent judgment themselves, naturally accept the statements of the brazen-tongued demagogue as accurate. Mr. Havelock Wilson has stated in print that he learned that there was no word of truth in the statement made by Larkin that the City of Dublin Company objected to four dock labourers who were ranked as foremen joining Larkin's union. Mr. Wilson adds that he afterwards learned that Larkin was demanding from the City of Dublin Company conditions in excess of those paid by other companies in the same trade. We think Mr. Havelock Wilson has successfully gibbeted the crazy person who for a time posed in the limelight much to Mr. Lloyd George's chagrin.

## The Sceptic

COMFORT I seek in dreaming of her,  
Shaping her image in my thought;  
Yet when my heart demands if I do love her,  
Cold reason answers naught.

Wondrous the hope she always yields me,  
Sinking my sorrow in her eyes;  
Yet I have watched in vain to see them mirror  
My waking love's surprise.

Laughter I give to greet her smiling,  
Tears, to the cadence of her voice;  
Yet I must hold my soul in doubting wonder  
Ere bidding love rejoice.

Certain my heart is that she loves me;  
Certain I am not that I dare  
Come to a secret place in trance of moonlight  
And find her waiting there.

A. G. W.

## The Moral Dwarf

THERE are, undoubtedly, thousands of persons in the world whose sense of right and wrong, whether openly founded upon religion or derived from some private, honourable creed of their own, leads them to scorn the thought of doing a mean action. We find them in all conditions of life, respected and trusted—not, perhaps, with money or things of accepted value, but with that fine confidence which produces the impulsive remark when evil is imputed, "He couldn't do it; he's not that sort of man." Intuitively, we resent the suggestion that he could have lowered the flag to any insolent cannon-shot of temptation. Wherever their strength comes from, they are moral giants.

By contrast, the man who employs what is indulgently termed "sharp practice"—since men of courtesy and principle do not quite care to use the words "thief" or "liar" if some merciful euphemism can be found—suffers sadly. He would shudder in virtuous horror at the notion of picking his neighbour's pocket in a crowd, of appropriating a stray coin which he might happen to discover on a friend's dressing-table; but if, by the exercise of his sharp wits, he can coax a few hundreds from other people's bank accounts into his own, it is a "business transaction," and he remains honest and unspotted—before the world. To give good value for money is not one of his favourite theories; he prefers to be paid first, to do a little work, and then to forget all about it. He needs, as people say, "looking after."

The unfortunate part of it is that he is such a pleasant fellow, so altruistic, so anxious that you should gain by his attentions and labours. That he moves in the circles of the wealthy is, of course, mere chance; nothing could be further from his purpose than the cultivation of an acquaintance for the sake of possible cash benefits. Yet, curiously enough, should you lose your money by some unexpected disaster, though he will exhaust the possibilities of language in his voluble expressions of sympathy, his buzzing will become less insistent, and in a few days he will have found a new friend.

He is clever—so clever that we might heighten the shade of meaning and call him astute. He possesses a sixth sense which thrills at the approach of money and warns him against people who are merely equipped with gifts of honour and straight dealing unsupported by negotiable assets. He is a specialist in pleasantness and charm; his face clouds at your troubles, lightens at your joys; but the only sorrows and pleasures that really affect him are his own. No one knows the secret processes of his mind; his private communions are with the gods who amuse themselves by reflecting his own image. Pertinacity, without pluck; urgent, instant sympathy, without compassion; strength, without uprightness; plausibility, without fundamental truth: these are some characteristics of him and his kind—the moral dwarfs.

Do these people, ever busy on their own concerns, whose ideals of charity and tenderness are satisfied when they have given a shilling to a beggar in the street—do they ever, in their few quiet moments, realise the impenetrable armour which is gradually encasing them? No man is so tremendously occupied with affairs as to have no introspective periods; there are sleepless hours when beneficent influences have their way and force us all to disturb that calm surface which we present to the outer world, to make strange discoveries, sweet and bitter, beneath; and there are times when sunset or starlight suddenly hold us aloof from the things which we thought composed our life and reveal the littleness of our fevered ambitions, our comedies and tragedies. Even to the moral dwarf, one supposes, such moments come. What happens to him then? Longings, regrets, tears? Or do these priceless silences never reach the din of his plots and schemes, never tranquillise that ever-clamorous brain? Not his most intimate friends—if his friendships are ever intimate—will ever know. He goes on, planning his way through his circumscribed world, buoyed up by hopes that have no beauty, scared by terrors that have no dignity, harassed by sorrows that have no cleansing power; and, at the end, confronted by the swift, keen gaze of truth, his fluent words will fail, his superficial sympathies will be stripped from him, and he will stand appalled at the sight of his real self—trivial, useless, defamed.

W. L. R.

## The Genius of One Gobbo, a Poet

IN the same year that Wordsworth gave a new impulse to the sacred stream of poetry by the publication of "The Excursion," a thin manuscript volume of poems was sent to Mr. Smith, of London, by one Gobbo, the author. The leather binding which holds the manuscript is thick enough to be immortal; the poems within it are so faded that in another generation they will have vanished for ever. As in the case of Wordsworth, the muse of Gobbo was concerned with the return to Nature, but being only a thick-headed servant of Apollo his approach was not sincere and direct like that of his master, but pursued its fantastic way through the decorated glades of that pastoral poesy which consists mainly in calling one's pen a "pipe," and one's readers "sheep." At first sight his tingle-tangle seems so worthless that one is half persuaded to let it fade and be forgotten. But after a time one is captivated by its very badness, and spell-bound at the strange uses to which such men will put their wits. After all, it is better to be amused than exasperated, and there is a kindliness in the lapse of time which makes us laugh merrily at that past incompetence which would enrage us in contemporary art. Even Gobbo's verse can be read given fine and sunny weather, and in time of rain one may get some relief by jeering at this pedestrian rhymster as he pants up the lower slopes of Parnassus. To defend his work would only be possible in one way. It would be necessary to point out that bad poetry is the only poetry intelligible to the general body of people. Your true poet takes the wings of the mind and dwells in the uttermost regions of abstraction; he is scarcely ever within hail of the wayfaring, foolish men. It is the blundering bard, the weaver of time-worn words and re-fashioner of threadbare themes, who stands the best chance of being understood; for the work of such deals with the general ruck of daily life; it teems with its dust, its fond failures, its foolish vanities, its pride.

The Mr. Smith of London above referred to was no publisher, but the poet's patron and literary adviser, and it is to him that the volume is dedicated, in this wise: "Our greatest exertions are most frequently introduced from the minutiae of trifles. To a similar incident may be referred the cause of the fugitive pieces I now place under your protection—they are by no means novel to you. I planted them in the garden of your extensive mind for correction: wild flowers as they were, you kindly and judiciously separated from them the surrounding weeds of false reasoning and delusive sophistry; and trimmed them for the entertainment of my friends." One may judge Mr. Smith's feeling in the matter by the MS. itself, for it is scored all over with his corrections and variations; scarcely a stanza is left untouched; the whole is one inextricable mass of collaboration. The corrections are nearly as amusing as the text. Mr. Smith, as we learn from the lines which Gobbo sends to him upon his marriage, was a retail grocer in the City, and there is in his verses

something of the dignity of his profession and a large and varied assortment of perishable and questionable thought. At the very end of the dedication Gobbo betrays the source of his inspiration. "A female acquaintance," he writes, "having perused my first appeal to the Poetic Muse, encouraged me by her politeness to submit a second attempt for her amusement; this also met with success, and so being flattered with her solicitations I continued my efforts to please." This is always the beginning of these poetic disorders. And given a little feminine encouragement the confidence of these lesser fry grows amazingly. With a thousandth part of the genius of Donne they will cry out valiantly in his style, "All women shall adore us and some men."

Yet Gobbo was quite honest in declaring that his muse worked by the magnification of the "minutiae of trifles." Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than some of the occasions which provoked it. He will build the lofty rhyme on a groundwork less stable than gossamer. There is one poem "On a gnat endeavouring to sting a young lady" which opens thus:

Fly thou base insect from the impending storm,  
Nor dare to trespass on that lovely form;  
If any value on thy life be placed  
I give thee caution to retire in haste;  
For if I catch thee fluttering on the wing  
And hovering near to strike thy poisonous sting  
Thy forfeit life the vile attempt shall pay,  
So, insect, take the friendly hint—Away!

There is another, "On seeing two ladies in a swing," too indelicate to quote; another, "On seeing a nest of goldfinches reared by a cock canary," and one "On parting from a beautiful young girl to see Mr. Pitt lie in state."

The earlier poems of the collection may be assigned to the London period of Gobbo's career; they were composed in Wigmore Street, and are full of the usual gallantries of a man about town. One sets off thus:

A modest youth of Oxford Street  
(In length six inches and five feet)  
Boldly attempted, it is said,  
One night to kiss Miss Betsy Bread.

Another takes the form of an ode descriptive of "Mr. Pinchen's annual aquatic excursion."

Lo, Bacchus 'mid the festive crew regales  
And jovial Pinchen tells some witty tales;  
Gosling the helm directs, and Poet Gob  
Collects ideas for his empty nob.

Halfway through the volume is a long satirical poem addressed in all bitterness to the lady who had refused the poet's love and broken his brittle heart. In utter anguish of soul he forswears London, and devotes himself to the simple life and "the celibate's saintly crown." This is the period of his two famous elegies. There is one very much after Wordsworth, and it laments a Lucy, too. But the best verse is no better than this:

The fawning lambkin's tinkle-bell  
With wild harmonious note  
No longer yields its magic spell  
T' enliven Lucy's cot.

The other elegy is upon the death of a curlew:

Amusing inoffensive bird,  
No more I'll see thee strut;  
No more thy simple note is heard—  
Stopt by th' murderous cat.

There follows a selection of pastoral verse in the approved style. Sometimes the poet sings of early dawn:

When shepherds seek their fleecy host  
Close by the mountain's brow;  
The faithful sheepdog takes his post;  
Forth comes the useful cow.

Sometimes of noon, "when frisky lambkins sport and nimble fawns"; but he is best in the subdued and melancholy style of the day's decline:

All sports have ceased—the ruddy shepherd sleeps,  
And Somnus o'er the languid milkmaid creeps.

We have reserved until last the greatest of Gobbo's poems:

The tippling earth absorbs the dew  
That variegates the spangled vale;  
The sweet harmonic aerial crew  
With Nature's song salute the dale.

With gentle face the lazy cows  
Are ushered in the luscious mead;  
The goats and lambkins 'gin to browse  
And Robin yokes the docile steed.

Where fragrant haycocks deck the fields  
In little hillocks widely spread,  
And friendly bushes act as shields  
I'll tarry with my lovely maid.

The reader will be comforted to learn that this maid was no misty abstraction of the poet's muse, but a real live country-girl. They married in due course. Gobbo's wedding gift was a never-ending poem of thirty pages invoking heaven and earth and hell and—

Ye multitudes who flock around  
Sweet wedlock's standard—sight profound.

One may believe that the girl lived in tolerable happiness ever after, because this is the last poem in the book.

Messrs. John Long announce that the following, in their 7d. net (cloth) novels, which have been announced for publication this month, will not be published until early in 1914:—"The Gold Trail," by Harold Bindloss; "A Bride from the Sea," by Guy Boothby; "The Grass Widow," by Dorothea Gerard; and "The Girl in Grey," by Curtis Yorke.

## REVIEWS

### A Versatile Pro-Consul

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

*Political and Literary Essays, 1908-1913.* By the  
EARL OF CROMER. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.  
net.)

"THERE have been many cases of notable men of action who were also students: Napier said that no example can be shown in history of a great general who was not also a well-read man." This is the view which Lord Cromer takes in more than one of these essays, and it is clear that he himself, a man of action, is also a well-read man—in fact, he takes a legitimate pride in adorning his papers with apt quotations from the classics and the literature of many countries. They have all appeared before in the great quarterlies, and some of them attracted considerable attention. They deal in all kinds of subjects of modern interest, from the government of subject races to naval and military songs of all countries. What interest us most are the sidelights thrown on Lord Cromer's own character by his views on current politics and literature.

Lord Cromer led an active and strenuous career before he took over the herculean task of pulling Egypt out of the mire, for we learn incidentally in a footnote that as long ago as 1864 he was present for a few weeks as a spectator with Grant's army at the siege of Petersburg. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1858. In 1861 he was A.D.C. to Sir Henry Stocks in the Ionian Islands. He was secretary during the inquiry into the troubles in Jamaica in 1865, and private secretary to Lord Northbrook when he was Viceroy in India from 1872-1876; from that time he devoted himself to Egypt, and was there from 1877, with one break as a member of the Council of the Governor-General of India in 1880, until he finally handed Egypt over, prosperous and very nearly contented, to his successor in 1907. He found the country infamously governed, a by-word in the mouths of financiers, the despair of chancelleries, insolvent, and the fellaheen taxed and oppressed beyond description. In his article on the Capitulations in Egypt, he says that the successes he achieved—

were not the result of a hand-to-mouth conduct of affairs in which the direction afforded to political events was constantly shifted, but of a deliberate plan persistently pursued with only such temporary deviation or delays as the time rendered inevitable.

He set to work to conciliate France after the siege of Alexandria, when they short-sightedly left us to clear up the mess. He averted bankruptcy, relieved taxation, and cut away the ground from under the feet of the demagogues. He recovered the Soudan, which Mr. Gladstone abandoned in 1884-5.

These are great achievements, and therefore we listen with respect to the opinions of one who has seen so

much of the world and been so much behind the scenes in high politics. And yet Lord Cromer is in these days a queer mixture. On his own confession he was and evidently is "a strong Unionist, a strong Free Trader, a strong anti-Suffragist." "He was," speaking of Sir Alfred Lyall, "a sincere Liberal in the non-party sense of that very elastic word. So was I. This is to say, there was a time when we both thought ourselves good mid-Victorian Liberals—a school of politicians whose ideas have now been swept into the limbo of forgotten things."

Having given a faint sketch of the man, let us examine his articles, which are chiefly reviews of other people's books. In the government of subject races he gives his ideas on what should be the profession of faith of a sound but reasonable Imperialist, and sets forth very clearly the six causes which led to the downfall of the Roman Empire; he means us to take warning by some of them, although in a later essay he describes Imperialism as a quasi-synonym for Cæsarism—a comparison with which we cannot for one moment agree.

He is not always consistent, or else in the course of his five years' literary labours has forgotten what he had previously written. For instance, speaking of the influential school of politicians who persistently dwelt on the theme that the Colonies were a burden to the Mother Country, he adds: "Although for the time being views of this sort are out of fashion, no assurance can be felt that the swing of the pendulum may not bring round another anti-Imperialist phase of public opinion." And yet, when he is discussing Lord Milner in party politics, he says, dealing with Rome and Municipal Government, "Rome bequeathed to us much of inestimable value both in the way of precept and example. She also bequeathed to us a word of ill-omen—the word 'Imperialism.'"

The day is probably past for ever, when Ministers, whether Liberal or Conservative, could speak of the Colonies as a burden and look forward with equanimity, if not with actual pleasure, to their complete severance from the Mother Country.

We have no space to deal with all his twenty-nine articles, but they are almost equally divided between politics and literature. Translation and the justification for paraphrase are pleasantly dealt with in an article from the *Edinburgh Review*. There is a charming memoir to his old friend Alfred Lyall, and incidentally he clears the character of the Clerk of the House of Commons from being the author of the ill-fated Ilbert Bill. He concludes by truly saying that England, "although a prolific mother of great men in every department of thought and action, has not produced many Lyalls."

Lord Wolseley's autobiography gives him an opportunity to discuss Army reform, and he does not altogether agree with that soldier, who complained that the Army suffered from civilian interference, and that the general in charge of a campaign ought to be allowed in certain cases to conclude the political and

diplomatic negotiations which ensue. He asks trenchantly, "Who, indeed, ever heard of a profession being reformed from within?" One of the greatest law reformers of the last century was the author of "Bleak House."

He approves of one specific proposal made by Lord Wolseley, viz., "That a certificate should be annually laid before Parliament by the now political Commander-in-Chief that the whole of the military forces of the Empire can be completely and effectively equipped for war in a fortnight."

We wonder what Colonel Seely would say to that! He also makes the interesting little statement that he found, somewhat to his own astonishment, with his ordinary staff of four diplomatic secretaries, the general direction of a war added but little to his ordinary labours.

In his next article he gives his views on International Free Trade; then comes China, which is already all out of date—so fast have events moved in the Celestial Empire. He is not at all fair to Disraeli; he calls him a "nimble-witted alien adventurer," and shows all the dislike of the old Gladstonian for the man and his political beliefs. He considers the late Mr. Monypenny was his apologist, and that over the Peel letter he threw up the case for his client. He admits Disraeli's cleverness and genius, but only at the expense of his honour, his honesty of purpose, and patriotism. In a subsequent article he does not give the credit of acts and statements to Disraeli. In the "Ottoman Empire" he speaks of views which were eventually "adopted by the Government of Lord Beaconsfield," and later of "Lord Beaconsfield's Government"—not, be it noted, of the Prime Minister himself.

Russian Romance and the Writing of History comes next, when the author says very truly that History is not written merely for students and scholars. Gardiner failed because he failed to attract.

Our versatile pro-consul next finds time to deal with the Greek Anthology, and gives much sage advice to the French on how to govern Algeria—incidentally he remarks, that "in spite of some outward appearances to the contrary the whole Nationalist movement in Egypt has been a mere splutter on the surface."

There is an amusing article on Wellingtonia inspired by Lady Shelly's book, and a graphic if a slightly cynical sketch of how we acquired Burmah. The French Revolution and the future of the Classics next comes before the screen, and then two books by natives of India, on Indian politics. He evidently does not like my old friend Sir Roper Lethbridge, and once more discusses Free Trade from an Indian point of view. He says Sir Roper is unquestionably right in advocating the abolition both of the import duty on cotton goods and the corresponding excise duty levied in India. He goes on to say that the difficulty is to realise this ideal without doing more than an equivalent

amount of injury to Indian interests in other directions. This is very like a Free Trader—he leaves it at that and omits to go into detail as to what the equivalent injuries are.

Miss Jane Harrison's recent book on "Ancient Art and Ritual" is considered somewhat far-fetched, and then we have a very sane defence of Sir Edward Grey's policy on the Portuguese slavery question, with some valuable advice to the Anti-Slavery Society at the end of it. Lord Cromer also defends Sir Edward Grey's recent dictum that we cannot undertake the duty of protecting Mohammedan Powers outside the British dominions from the consequence of their own actions merely because we possess the largest number of Mohammedan subjects. He has something interesting to say about the Napoleon of Lady Blennerhassett in her "Sidelights," and winds up with an essay on "Songs National and Patriotic."

We have lightly glanced at all his essays and reviews; very briefly, but so as to show the many sided character of the man: Lord Cromer evidently enjoyed writing them—and when a man of his standing writes on subjects of current interest they naturally attract the attention of his fellow countrymen, who recognise his gifts as a great and successful pro-consul who has devoted his life to the service of his country. As I said before, his illustrations and examples, largely culled from his experiences in Egypt, throw interesting lights on a practical and well-informed mind.

## Playhouse Prognostics

*The Future of the Theatre.* By JOHN PALMER.  
(G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE dramatist must create his own illusion, we all agree, and so must the author of a book dealing with large prophesying in regard to stage methods. Speculations on the future of any art do not interest us so fully as the essay towards perfection in the present. Thus we should find some difficulty in the author's question as to why we are seriously reading his book on the future of the English theatre but that it has kindly been sent us by the publishers and thus deserves our fullest attention.

Mr. Palmer unpacks his mind on many subjects at considerable length. These speculations in "futures," as they say in the city, will, if we may be allowed to survive, be excellent reading about 1920, when each and all of them will probably have been proved to be without any direct inspiration. The author thinks that "post-dating history is well enough in conversation with a friend. To publish your predictions, to put them solemnly upon record, is another matter.

But the game undoubtedly appeals." Unfortunately this undertaking, which appears so alluring to Mr. Palmer's fluent pen, has no charm for us. These questionings in the air seem, after all, to be a merely fantastic way of expressing one's own views of the present and in no sense helpful or constructive. "A prophet should really be delirious and see things" is one of Mr. Palmer's braver dicta, but in the result he proves himself rather protagonistic than delirious, and although he may, perhaps, be said to see things, they are objects and states of no great value.

His chapter on the competition between what are called the legitimate and the variety theatres amounts to little more than the statement that in our cities there are several sorts of public—a glimpse of information which has already been vouchsafed to many.

The essay on the future of what he calls dramatic critics is to be, like our past, rather a dark affair. In fact it is proved that with the coming of the National Memorial Theatre, the mention of which is frequent throughout the book, we are to be retired from active service. Now the critic, in one form or another, is the kind of person you cannot get rid of; his opinion does not cease to be expressed because it is not invited—were that so the future of the theatre might be simpler but it would not be nearly so amusing. The public's future is, according to Mr. Palmer, to be a brilliant one. Among other things, its members will take the place of the critics and thus become more definitely critics than they are at present. They are clearly and thankfully to accept their true position. "Its noble and happy function is to follow its leaders into battle with prejudice and ignorance; to suffer no interloping between itself and them; to test everything and to hold fast that which they truly admire." This phrase has a fine, empty ring, but it would have appeared a little less cryptic to us if the public had been made to follow its leaders with the intention of fighting against, rather than with, prejudice and ignorance.

Throughout the rest of the volume Mr. Palmer disposes of the producer—with whom he deals very cleverly—and other middlemen, and he has much to say in favour of those managers who, aspiring to lead the public, give the world the things that please themselves rather than those concoctions which the speculators of the stage consider more excellent business. But here, as in the essays on dramatic naturalism and the future of Mr. Bernard Shaw, an agreeable but, as the author says, misleading title, we appear to be drifting from the uplifting sphere of prophesy to the plane of controversy. However, the reader will better enjoy an argument with Mr. Palmer face to face, in the form of his book, than through our pages. Therefore, we would venture to say, by all means read "The Future of the Theatre"; you may rarely agree with the author, but you will always appreciate his point of view and his frequently acute expression of it and of such truth as is in him.

## The Painter of Pearls, Roses and Prince Charming

*Charles Conder: His Life and Work.* By FRANK GIBSON. Illustrated. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

THERE are many ways of writing on the life and work of an artist who happens to have possessed very marked characteristics and to have been one's friend and to have recently died. Almost every way appears wrong to someone; but Mr. Frank Gibson has chosen a method which should give no wounds; it is rather negative in character—sympathetic, no doubt, but certainly not candid.

Charles Conder's work, at its best, was a delightful romance, none the less engaging because of obvious artistic failings; his personality, when we knew him, was in every way analogous to his paintings. Many will be glad that Mr. Gibson does not supply us with a close criticism of the artist's temperament and life, but, personally, we are indifferent as to his treatment of the subject. Whether kindly discreet or judiciously frank matters nothing; the attraction of the work of Charles Conder is enough for us, and thus Mr. Gibson's somewhat reticent biographical chapters and his generally pleasing criticism and descriptions make a most agreeable memorial of and a ready hand-book on the work of an original and delicate colourist. Of course, the writer is greatly helped by the hundred-and-twenty beautifully reproduced pictures, this group, in themselves, forming a touching reminiscence of the failures and successes of a peculiarly gifted and, in certain moods, exquisitely poignant, artist. One is either moved to intimate admiration by the work of Conder or one is disappointed and hurt.

The elusive, indolent joy of many of his pictures and lovely fans is the despair of criticism—although it is none the less often attempted on that account. Perhaps the phrases that Mr. Charles Ricketts applies to the women of Conder are as illuminative as any that have been written: "We shall find their histories on the stage of Beaumarchais: they have passed into the realms of immortality not in the paintings of Watteau, but in the melodies of Mozart. They are 'The Countess,' Susanna, Donna Elvira; all are anxious to pardon—they are peeping at the moving pageant, for Don Juan was seen but a moment since. But what can have detained Donna Anna? It is so late, the 'Queen of the Night' has sung her great aria, the air is close—there are too many roses!" Thus an artist of a totally different world hints at the qualities of the most successful painter of fans that we are ever likely to know. Conder is dreamland vivified by graceful comedy; a fairy vision of colour made vaguely human by the artist's personal point of view. At his best he captured the essence of a scene and depicted it with the most exquisite and delicate harmonies, interwoven with all the details of his fancies, whether it were a simple landscape or a *bal masqué* in a Bohemian restaurant at

Montmartre, or one of those Elysian scenes or *fêtes galantes* he loved to imagine; whatever the subject he allowed his original qualities to make it the thing nearest to his heart's desire.

His nude studies are often delicate and delightful, as in "Pearl"; but when they are bad, as in the well-known one of "The Nymph," it is not too much to say they are horrid in every way save in colour. His eighteenth-century "L'Oiseau Bleu" may be said to be among his most successful works, and his "Femme dans une loge au theatre" is an exquisite composition in his most effective manner. The "Fickle Love" fan is but one of a hundred beautiful examples of this branch of art.

"In the Forest" is Watteau in a vaguer, more tender mood. "The Masquerade" has the decorative proportions of the later Beardsley, the Beardsley of "The Rape of the Lock," to which is added that curious and delicate sense of colour which was Conder's own immortal gift. There is a personal, often a pathetic or tragic, appeal in his work, such as one sees in "The Shadow." It is not for everybody, but for those who chance to be attuned to his lyric spirit the call is irresistible. Unfortunately, his drawing of modern men is almost always weak, as in "Casino de Paris," whereas his women of to-day, in "La Toilette," for example, are real and often beautiful; but it is rather with the kind and graceful ladies who echo something of the eighteenth century spirit that he is most at home, most effective, and truly at his best. All this is well known to those who at present appreciate his work, and will, we think, be more widely felt as time passes.

The book is divided into chapters on the life of the artist; his art; a catalogue of the lithographs and etchings and a full list of his works, and will therefore be of considerable service to collectors of his paintings, as well as to the more general reader.

Born in 1868, he was on his father's side a descendant of the famous sculptor, Louis Francis Roubiliac, whose name is always mentioned in connection with the most effective of porcelain figures of the eighteenth century factories here. This relationship is rather significant, for Conder's art may be said to be directly evolved from the French styles during its gayest period, although the artist's own individuality is never lost. Mr. Frank Gibson had the advantage of knowing Conder from his earliest artistic years and of being constantly in his company until his last illness, and he has also received great help from many people connected with the artist who were devoted to his work and appreciated his personality. Among the most unwearying in aid, Mrs. Humphrey is mentioned, with many others. We know of one lady of that name, a gifted and sympathetic artist, whose critical admiration must have helped the artist in many moods. Indeed, Charles Conder, however unhappy in some respects, was surrounded by friends, especially artists, who warmly admired his particular gifts, which, as Mr. Gibson's valuable and beautiful book is able to show, were individual, curious, and alluring in the highest degree. E. M.

## Japan's Island Dependencies

*The Island Dependencies of Japan.* By CHARLOTTE M. SALWEY. Illustrated. (Eugène L. Morice. 5s. net.)

MRS. C. M. SALWEY has, for the time being, transferred her allegiance to the Land of the Gods to the New Japan of to-day, and in the process she has lost none of her enthusiasm. She has lowered her Nipponese fan, about which she has written so charmingly in the past, and in her latest book strikes a patriotic note that is very persistently Imperialistic in tone.

Lafcadio Hearn was content with Old Japan. He detested civilisation, and resented progressive movements that were not quaint enough or romantic enough to lend themselves to artistic literary treatment. Not so Mrs. Salwey, who believes implicitly in the future of Japan, and especially in the expansion of the Japanese Empire. While fully appreciating the glamour of the past, she is no less ready to delight in the various colonising schemes that now occupy the attention of the Japanese Government. In this volume she has the distinction of having written the only book on the subject. It is so compact with useful, well-authenticated information, that the schools and colleges of Japan should find it a most valuable handbook, made practical by its maps and artistic by its exquisite drawings. By this we do not infer that it is an ordinary geography book, or that it makes an exclusively scholastic appeal. It is a serious contribution to the development and maintenance of Greater Japan, and the sons of that kingdom who read these pages should become fired by Mrs. Salwey's enthusiasm, and be prepared, with the zest of a coral insect, to widen and deepen and strengthen the great rock of the Japanese Empire-builders.

Japan's island dependencies are by no means ideal colonies. There is something very primitive about them all. The Taiyals of Formosa were decidedly formidable people. The chief object of their existence was to secure a human head, which once obtained was regarded as the hallmark of worthy manliness. "It mattered little if the trophy belonged to their own tribe, or to any foreigner who happened to have ventured sufficiently near their district to make the attack feasible." These natives, who believe in the power of ugliness and assist that belief in regard to their wives, are held in check by a large staff of military policemen, trained by Japanese officers. Though this is the only island dependency of Japan where savages are anything but law-abiding, other islands, especially the Kuriles, have to contend with difficulties of a climatic nature that are far harder to endure. But in spite of many obstacles the Japanese have made a success of their occupation of these islands, and already the harvest of the sea and land is very considerable. The Japanese are the most persistent immigrants in the world, and the success of these colonies goes to show that the tenacity of their military enterprise is only equalled by the grim and dauntless perseverance they have shown in colonisation.

We are told that the Loochooans, a peaceful people, at one time feared an invasion from the wild men of Formosa. Mrs. Salwey writes: "Out of fine straw they plaited shoes of an enormous size, and sent them floating on the sea, in the hope that on reaching the coast of Formosa it might be inferred that there were many giants among their community."

"These island dependencies," observes Mrs. Salwey, "are the courtiers around Japan, owning her sovereignty, lying suppliant at her feet, guarding her ancient seaboard, waiting for her smile and her approval." This is an idealistic touch that should, perhaps, have been written in the future tense. The Japanese smile is inscrutable, unique. It has a sob and a tear in it sometimes. Have these brave words been written behind a very old and picturesque fan, or whispered into the recess of a big silk sleeve? Japan is still growing, still learning, still reaping many bitter lessons in her own kingdom quite apart from her island dependencies.

## The Story of a Poet

*The Life of Francis Thompson.* By EVERARD MEYNELL. (Burns and Oates. 15s. net.)

OF no poet can it be said with more truth than of Francis Thompson that he was constantly in touch with the things of the spirit. Earth, it almost seems, was no place for him; he never became used to its conventions. To keep an appointment punctually, for instance, was almost an impossibility for him; and he lost opportunities for advancement which some would call golden, simply letting them slip unconcernedly—scarcely thinking about them. Wandering the streets of London; calling cabs; acting as messenger for a bookseller; doing odd jobs for a cobbler who had befriended him; later on, reviewing—chiefly for *THE ACADEMY* and *The Athenæum*—and contributing here and there an essay compared with which other essays seem poor, uninspired stuff; thus this poet, born surely "in a golden clime," spent the critical part of his life. Men liked him, deferred to him, spoke well of him, even when he acted in a manner calculated to annoy. His nature was gentle—though he could resent mightily; he had few friends, but those were priceless. The story of his friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Meynell need not be recapitulated here, but we suspect that, had he never known that bright, rescuing companionship half his work would never have been done, and his life would have been considerably shortened.

Mr. Everard Meynell has told the whole story, as far as we shall ever know it, of this "argonaut of literature"; he has told it, perhaps, at rather too great a length, but the interest rarely flags. He touches every point in Thompson's character and work—his use of unfamiliar words (strenuously defended by the poet); a good comment here is that "the objection to a poet's range of phrase finds no support in the dictionaries,

whose abundance is a reproach to the restricted scope of the modern tongue"; his opinion of his own work: "I will not vail my crest to Henley, or Robert Bridges, or even William Watson"; his acute subterfuges—when a youth at home, "he would come in late in the evening, declaring that a professor or a lecturer had taken him to give him extra instruction, and not till some time afterwards was it discovered that the house he visited was the home of a musician, and the instruction that of listening to music performed upon the piano." We feel, after reading this book, that as far as it is possible to know such a man, we know him. In a sense no one ever knew him—for who could tell his winged thoughts as he hastened through the crowded highways, seeing nothing?

Mr. Lewis Hind and Mr. Wilfrid Whitten, both then attached to THE ACADEMY, testify that it was a fine thing to read Francis Thompson's proofs, and that the days when he came to the office with basket slung over his shoulder for books, were days to be remembered. Mr. Whitten says:—

A stranger figure than Thompson's was not to be seen in London. Gentle in looks, half-wild in externals, his face worn by pain and the fierce reactions of laudanum, his hair and straggling beard neglected, he had yet a distinction and an aloofness of bearing that marked him in the crowd; and when he opened his lips he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar. A cleaner mind, a more naively courteous manner, were not to be found. . . . Interested still in life, he was no longer intrigued by it. He was free from both apathy and desire. Unembittered, he kept his sweetness and sanity, his dewy laughter, and his fluttering gratitude. . . .

Of his method, or rather lack of method, Mr. Lewis Hind, who was then editing the paper, writes:—

When Cecil Rhodes died I telegraphed to Thompson to hasten to the office. That was on a Monday. He appeared on the Tuesday. I asked him point blank if he would write an ode on Cecil Rhodes for the next issue, and without waiting for his refusal talked Rhodes to him for half an hour, roused his enthusiasm, and he departed with a half-promise to deliver the ode on Thursday morning. Thursday morning came and nearly passed. I sent him three telegrams, but received no answer. It was necessary to go to press at eight o'clock. At half-past six he arrived, and proceeded to extract from his pockets a dozen and more scraps of crumpled paper, each containing a fragment of the ode. I pieced them together, sent the blurred manuscript to the printers, gave him money for his dinner, and exacted a promise that he would return in an hour to read the proof. . . .

To read that fine poem now—it fills a full page of the issue for April 12, 1902—and to wonder how and where it was written, leads one into a reverie. For it seems that to produce such work a poet should be hushed, secure from the noisy interruptions of the town; surrounded by quiet spaces, books, the echoing voices of the past—not the harsh cries of the street; yet we know that this poet's soul was entirely independent of his

physical environment. We know that some of his work was done by the flare of a shop's lamps, and that much of it must have been done in odd corners, here and there, on any old soiled envelope or half-sheet that chanced to be handy.

It is a temptation to quote many more passages from this remarkable biography, but we must refrain, though there are pages treating of the early life of the poet, and of the middle period, when he was becoming intimate with his two best friends, which force a second reading. The influence of Mrs. Meynell; the pervading impression of Francis Thompson's innate, persistent religious fervour; the curious conflicts of opinion concerning his work; these, and many other parts of this fascinating book must make a wide appeal. We feel that the author knew and loved his subject—and, with such an inspiration and such a result, we are more than content.

## Poets New and Old

*Bread and Circuses.* By HELEN PARRY EDEN. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

*On the Face of a Star.* By JAMES A. MACKERETH. (Longmans, Green and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Foliage.* Various Poems by WILLIAM H. DAVIES. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)

*Lyrics and Dramas.* By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

*Odes.* By LAWRENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Tristram and Isoult.* By MARTHA KINROSS. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. net.)

*The Master.* By W. G. HOLE. (Erskine Macdonald.)

MRS. HELEN PARRY EDEN'S book of poems is a delightful miscellany. It is as inconsistent as a weather vane. We turn from piety to wit, from satire to tenderness; there are religious poems, didactic poems, political poems, and a generous sprinkling of excellent verses about a dear young person known as Betsey-Jane. The versatility suggests a happy, ordered life. But the inconsistency inherent in lives that are "ordered" peeps out, for Betsey desired to go incontinently to Heaven, and the philosophy of human nature thus addresses the little girl:

My Betsey-Jane it would not do,  
For what would Heaven make of you,  
A little honey-loving bear,  
Among the Blessed Babies there?

When we come to "An Elegy for Father Anselm," the philosophy of the Catholic Church logically declares something otherwise:

For you, to whom the earth could nothing give,  
Who knew no hint of our inspired pride,  
You could not very well be said to live  
Until the day you died.

Which leaves us wondering what manner of inspired pride Betsey-Jane's life labours under, in that "the little honey-loving bear" can very well be said to live here and now. The answer must surely be that Betsey-Jane is obviously "of this world," while Father Anselm was precociously of the next; and all is well, so long as Betsey-Jane does not ape her opposite.

Mrs. Eden is a poet. She uses well-worn classical measures, but her imagination is her own, and she has a wonderful power of visualisation. The pity is that she does not trust her imagination, for to mistrust our imaginations is to limit the power of God in us and to become connoisseurs of the emotions when we should be incarnate joys.

Mr. James Mackereth's poetry has not yet received its due recognition; far feebler poets are much better known. Mr. Mackereth has real lyric impulse and moments of greatness, but unfortunately he sometimes allows his strong sense of rhythm to master his intention, and whenever this happens the result is "words, words." He speaks from so full a heart that he is a little impatient of the essential distillation without which clarity is impossible. Thus he writes:

Man, heir to vehemence, and scourged with scorn  
Of old contents—who 'mid the years that roll  
Hears, with imperious urgency of soul,  
The mandates of the multitudinous morn?

The "Hymn to Life" is also rhetorical. Mr. Mackereth is too good a poet for us to refrain from urging him to apply to his work the lesson implicit in his excellent poem, "A Truth Seeker":

Man gains the heights his sovran nature dares,  
But heaven he enters softly, unawares,  
Dream-led, yea, like a child that to his pleasure  
God leads and gives good measure.

But nearly everything in this book is poetry. If the philosophic depths sometimes remain unsounded, we have the heights where there is pure air and a fine breeze blowing. In the quiet, restrained "Garden Song" Mr. Mackereth comes into his own:

I have a garden rich in peace,  
A place of shy umbrageous hours,  
Where thought from futile strife may cease  
And rove a lover among flowers. . . .

And thither drifts the landrail's cry  
Of loneliness from the moonlit leas,  
Where midnight's muted worlds go by  
Above my solemn garden trees.

"Foliage" is the sixth collection of Mr. W. H. Davies's poems. It has the great merits and demerits which characterised "The Soul's Destroyer." Mr. Davies has fancy in abundance, and the peculiar naïve charm of one who speaks with directness, seeming to know instinctively his powers and limitations. He has been foolishly compared with Blake and Wordsworth. He resembles either of them as a sparrow resembles a hawk or an eagle. Blake and Wordsworth were con-

cerned with the emotions arising from the deepest questions philosophy can propound. Life, death, human relationships—upon these matters Mr. Davies is less interesting than the average public school boy. He is a poet by reason of his perfect sincerity and his ability to sing again and again his moments of joy and sorrow. He sings as clearly, as simply, and almost as repetitiously as a cuckoo.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' new book will give little satisfaction to those who know his "Marpessa" or "Christ in Hades." He seems to be experimenting in fresh metres, at present with small success. We quote two verses, selected at random, and wish him a happier issue than these:—

High the soprano goes  
Shrill to the noon,  
Yet thy contralto  
Makes for the moon.

Our custom good; the vergers fly  
Like salesmen in a shop,  
In case the hassocks are too few,  
Or we a book should drop.

Mr. Binyon has reissued his volume of Odes, first published in 1901. The fine woodcut on the original title page has gone, but the textual alterations are very slight. As verse, these poems are masterly; why do they leave the reader almost unmoved? Commenting on Blake's proclamation "Energy is eternal delight," a friend once remarked he thought Blake must have broken his nib when first he wrote that word "delight." By the same analogy he would have said that Mr. Binyon wrote with the longest pencil ever made. Mr. Binyon has given us everything except himself, so the echoes intrude: "O pure abstaining Priestess of delight," which sends the memory flying back to "Thou still unravished bride of quietness"; and the whole begins to appear archaic when upon the loves of Tristram and Isolt he calls the "Victorious saints above" to "have pity."

We would strongly urge our readers not to be deprived of the pleasure of reading Mrs. Kinross's blank verse drama because they appreciate the difficulty of revitalising such traditional figures as Tristram and Isolt. To a very large degree Mrs. Kinross has triumphed over this difficulty. She writes dignified, well-wrought verse, her imagination is picturesque, and she has an intuitive sense of character. The play is a fine, moving piece of work.

"The Master" is, as Mr. Stephen Phillips suggests in a preface, more of a masque. Christ returns again in humble guise to be again rejected by the professing Church. The interest centres in an old Cardinal who is torn between his devotion to the Church and his growing recognition of the Master. If the theme is a little hackneyed, Mr. Hole's handling shows skill and insight, though we cannot help wishing he had still further humanised the figure of Christ. The silent man is already melodrama's effigy of strength.

## The Russian Peasant

*Provincial Russia.* Painted by J. DE HAENEN, described by HUGH STEWART. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

"It was in the South West, in the basin of the Dnieper, the great waterway between Scandinavia and Constantinople, that the Russian state had its first beginnings." Thus, the author opens a work which, were it not for these historical flaws, would be of considerable value. The very first lines contain a serious error; for there is not the least doubt that the Russian State had its "first beginnings" at Ladoga, Staraja Roos and Novgorod—and not at Kieff. The evidence of the Icelandic sagas, the Frankish and Byzantine chronicles, and the ancient history and monuments of Sweden all show that the so-called Roos, who gave Russia their name, were Norsemen of the same race of men that conquered England and colonised Northumbria, East Anglia, Normandy, and a large part of Scotland and Ireland. Nestor, the earliest Russian chronicler, who flourished in Kieff in the eleventh century, definitely proves this to be the case.

Had the author taken the trouble to study early Russian history he would have found that Rurik, in 862, founded the town of Ladoga, around which many Viking remains have been discovered, and subsequently settled in Novgorod, the first seat of the Russian Grand Dukes and Princes. The whole of this region was called Roos or Rus, the first centre of which was Novgorod.

As for the last-named city, which was afterwards seized by Oleg of Novgorod, the successor of Rurik, its importance only commenced when the centre of the Government and of the Varangian Roos power was removed from North-Eastern to South-Western Russia. The author in stating "that it was the Muscovite Princes that emancipated Russia from the Tartar yoke" omits to say, as pointed out by Sir MacKensie Wallace, that these Muscovite Grand Dukes were to all intents and purposes Tartar Khans, and that the yoke they imposed on the free Grand Duchies of Russia was in some respects far more terrible than that of their Tartar masters, who employed the Muscovite Grand Dukes to collect their taxes with the aid of Tartar troops.

When the writer enters his true domain, provincial Russia, he is much more successful; for his descriptions of Russian life, notwithstanding the fact that they are frequently too rosy, are on the whole exceedingly interesting. The chapters on the two mighty rivers of Eastern Russia, the Volga and the Oka, are excellent. The illustrations are beautiful—not every writer is so fortunate as to find so talented an artist to embellish the work of his pen. The author's descriptions of Russian village life are, as a rule, as accurate and picturesque as his history is misleading.

These descriptions would have been more valuable

had they not been quite so one-sided. Mr. Stewart admits that the fine physique of the Great Russian peasant has deteriorated through insufficient nourishment. This is a subject we would have heard more about. Dr. Kennard, in his valuable work on the Russian peasant, throws much light on this aspect of provincial life in Russia—the famines and poverty—which Mr. Stewart unfortunately ignores, or passes over as of slight importance.

The author states that Russia possesses an admirable educational system. Like several other statements in the book this is only partially correct. There is little doubt that the education enjoyed by the upper and middle classes in Russia is excellent, perhaps in some respects far superior to that which obtains in the same classes in the rest of Europe. But the educational facilities of the lower classes are probably the scantiest in Europe; millions of the people can neither read nor write, and in some portions of the country the number of illiterates amounts to 80 and 90 per cent. of the population.

"In political matters the majority of the peasantry manifest little interest, except for the land question"; this statement is also true, for the very good reason that the agricultural classes are prevented from gaining any profound knowledge of political matters not only by the censorship, but also by the vigilance of the police, the Orthodox Clergy, and the officials, who believe that the less the peasants know about political rights and freedom the better for them and the bureaucracy. There is little doubt that the author is right in his contention that a great future awaits the 120 million peasants with their remarkable physical and mental gifts, their deep faith, and astonishing powers of endurance and self-sacrifice for any ideal they set their minds on, good, bad, or indifferent. The true Russian is, without question, an idealist. He will not sell his soul for the "almighty dollar," but whether it be to die for the Tsar, his faith, or for a revolution, millions of Russians are always ready to obey the call.

The writer appears to think that the independent spirit of the North Russian is due to Finnish blood. If this were the case, the Finnish tribes on the Volga and in Siberia would be remarkable for their independence; but as a rule the Finnish race is not noted for a spirit of independence, except those living in Finland, who were 600 years under the free laws and institutions of their Scandinavian conquerors and civilisers. This difference in character cannot be due to the down-trodden superstitious Finnish races, but to the influence and example of the liberty-loving spirit of the Varangians or Norsemen.

The chapter on the Volga is instructive but not sufficiently detailed to do justice to that river with its 30,000 miles of tributaries. The account of the Mordva, Tchoovash, Bashkirs, and other Finnish and Mongolian peoples throws much light on the life and customs of these ancient but comparatively little known races. Notwithstanding the above mentioned errors,

there are probably few books on Russian provincial life which give such a vivid idea of the everyday life led by the peasantry and the civilised races inhabiting European Russia. Above all, the book presents effectively the vastness of the Russian empire—enormous forests, the mighty rivers, the illimitable plains, the huge lakes. One feels inclined to exclaim with the old Novgorodian Ambassadors to Rurik: "Great and vast is our country, but there is no order."

The chapter on the effects of the reaction in Russia is hardly convincing, especially when we are informed that the public opinion finds utterance through the Imperial Douma. Considering that the most outspoken members of the Douma are in prison, banished, or in Siberia, and that the press is gagged more than it ever has been, how can public opinion find free utterance? During the Beiliss Trial alone, dozens of papers have been suppressed or heavily fined, for daring to comment on this strange case.

Mr. Stewart's account of the broad rolling steppes of the Ukraine is particularly fine; the reviewer can attest this from personal knowledge and experience. These mighty steppes, dotted with thousands of ancient tumuli for thousands of years, the battleground between the Mongolian and Ayrian races, are a sight which once seen can never be effaced from the mind.

To do Russia justice it would be necessary to write a book on each government, for a single government in Russia is frequently as large as a European state. Considering the little space at his disposal the author has succeeded well; but those who would see the other side of the picture should turn to "The Russian Peasant," by Dr. Howard P. Kennard. With these two works one can obtain a very fair idea of Russian country life. "Provincial Russia" shows great taste; but surely such a fine work is worthy of a better map than the sketch map supplied with this edition.

WM. BARNES STEVENI.

## Elderly Love Letters

*The Romance of an Elderly Poet: A Hitherto Unknown Chapter in the Life of George Crabbe.*

By A. M. BROADLEY and WALTER JERROLD.  
(Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

A PERFECT passion for the unearthing of ancient amours seems to possess some writers to-day. These researches range from the "risky" type of the love-stories of notabilities and adventurers to the blameless and rather lukewarm affections of George Crabbe. Evidently there is a public for this kind of work. We should not care to speculate as to what is the state of mind of the person who eagerly devours it; but we fancy that after some of the stronger fare that this class includes, such a one will find George Crabbe and Elizabeth Charter more than a trifle tame.

The correspondence is said to reveal "a hitherto unknown chapter in the life of Crabbe"; the world would have suffered no great loss if it had remained unknown. Only the student reads Crabbe's poetry to-day, but, dull as that may seem to those accustomed to modern sensations, it is preferable to his very prosy letters. "Elderly" is a nice, genteel, mid-Victorian expression, and it embodies in one word the atmosphere and prevailing tone of this volume. The poet had reached the mature age of 61 before he first met the recipient of these affectionate epistles, when it was hardly to be expected he could produce anything very passionate. As it is he occasionally appears a trifle ridiculous in his declarations, while some of his hypochondriacal groanings suggest that he was approaching his dotage. Actually, this was not so, for in the period covered he produced his "Tales of the Hall"; but any man at his age writing *billets doux* is apt to present a foolish figure to the world.

The best of Crabbe is in his poetry. These letters will not enhance our view of the man, but will tend, we fear, rather to lower him in the esteem of the serious student of literature. Nor is there largely present the saving quality of literary allusiveness, which often proves so illuminating; the references to his great contemporaries are comparatively slight, and there are few enlightening critical *aperçus*.

We give a specimen of Crabbe's most vivacious epistolary style:—"And did you really ask what is Friendship but a *name*? I try very much to think it more; pray do not Endeavour to set me right if I be wrong, but there is no saying what your heart may be dictating to you; with me Friendship is a great deal more, and so I hope to report to you shortly and yet I will grant that there are various Degrees from almost Indifference to very cordial Regard; this idea arose from a former Letter of yours where you mention your Friend and her Son: I hope he is better and she less confined and so you have shewn my hurried and unconsidered Ramblings to this Lady! You are very naughty and unmanageable are you not? and now it is too late for me to begin to write pretty and sensible Letters and to be admired for composing such nice and elegant Effusions! No! No! it is over and in vain I should strive for such Reputation now: Well, let it go! let the Words express my meaning and convey a large Portion of Esteem and Affection and I shall be perfectly satisfied be the Style what it may: of your Friend I will not be afraid."

The book will be of value to the devoted Crabbe student, if any such there be. The text is helped by a number of excellent illustrations.

Miss Ella Du Cane is exhibiting her water-colours of Egypt at the Modern Gallery, 61, New Bond Street. These drawings are a record of travel on a dahabeyah as far as Wadi Halfa, and are the original drawings for the illustrations in the colour-book, "The Banks of the Nile," recently published.

## A Working Idealist

*Labour, Life, and Literature: Some Memories of Sixty Years.* By FREDERICK ROGERS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

*O si sic omnes!* is the fervent ejaculation with which one lays aside these modestly written but curiously impressive life-memories of a Labour leader and "man of the people" of a kind unhappily too scarce in these latter days. For in Mr. Frederick Rogers we recognise with keen appreciation a spokesman of the masses who conspicuously unites character with ability, and whose lifelong efforts to promote the welfare of his order have been inspired by far higher and worthier ideals than those of the ranting leveller whose motive force is a rancorous envy of other men's possessions, and whose gospel is the detestable propaganda of class hate. Here, too, we have a working-man orator of marked intellectual gifts who has never failed to set his face against the sordid materialism which bounds the horizon of so many of his fellows. It is to the moral and spiritual, not less than to the social betterment of his class that the writer of these memories has consistently devoted his energies and his powers of tongue and pen; and it would be well for the democracy, spoilt by the flattery of self-seeking demagogues, if from its own ranks it produced a larger number of such faithful and single-minded counsellors.

Not the least charm of Mr. Rogers' book is its freedom from the vices of self-consciousness and self-assertion. Throughout he is clearly far more concerned with ideals than with personalities—his own not excepted; but the course of his reminiscences enables us to realise how, from the days when he began life as an errand-boy in the employ of an East End iron-monger, he set himself to cultivate his mental faculties and to make use of the natural talents with which he was endowed. From his early manhood he seems to have experienced that religious attraction which, after some vicissitudes, found its full satisfaction in the Catholicism of the English Church; and his strong literary bent, stimulated by persistent and judicious reading, gained expression in the active journalistic work by which he furthered the causes he had at heart. Those causes were many and excellent. Thus we find him, at various periods, promoter of University extension, active participant in the good work of Toynbee Hall, vice-president of the Elizabethan Society, and a pioneer of the movement which has resulted in the establishment of old-age pensions. At all times he has laboured strenuously for the intellectual as well as the material uplifting of his class, and for the wider dissemination of the refining influences of literature and art. Of his own earnestly cultivated literary ability there is striking evidence in this graceful and tastefully written volume of memories, from which we gather the impression of a really disinterested working-class leader of the finest and rarest type.

## An Artist and a Politician

*Policy and Paint, or some Incidents in the Lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens.* Illustrated. (Longmans, Green and Co. 9s. net.)

PROBABLY few of us have previously had the opportunity of knowing how deeply Dudley Carleton the Politician was interested in matters of art, and Peter Paul Rubens the Painter in politics. This opportunity is now afforded to us. Carleton and Rubens were born in 1573 and 1574 respectively. The former's political career was inaugurated under inauspicious circumstances, for one of his earliest appointments was that of secretary to the Earl of Northumberland. The result for Carleton was arrest and much trouble in connection with the Gunpowder Plot.

Emerging triumphantly out of these early misfortunes, Carleton in turn became ambassador to Venice, Holland and France, Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, Baron and Viscount Dorchester, and eventually Secretary of State. His constant desire was preferment. He deserved the confidence reposed in him by the sovereigns whom he served, for never did an official more faithfully and conscientiously carry out not merely the letter but the spirit of his instructions. In an age of universal political corruption he and his fellow subject of this sketch afforded brilliant exceptions to the rule. Both he and Rubens were fortunate in the date of their deaths, for they saw England at peace with Spain and France, to which end they had both directed a lifetime of work. As to Carleton, so faithful was he to his King that "had he lived till the rebellion, it is not unlikely that his head might have been forfeited." Personally, and by agents, he amassed, mainly for the King and for such high personages as the Duke of Buckingham, some of the finest collections of paintings and works of art which were ever shipped to this country. The story of his dealings in such matters is a fascinating one, and is admirably told. As an art critic pure and simple perhaps he would not rank high, judged by modern standards. He was of that type which regards a painting from the purely decorative point of view. His commissions were often for so many square feet of canvas. It is more than likely that Rubens regarded him, *quâ* connoisseur, much as he regarded Rubens, *quâ* diplomat—with scant respect. Nor does his bargaining for a second wife lead us to attribute to him any romantic tendencies. In nothing did he achieve greatness save as an official. As such he has seldom been excelled. The painter was almost equally diligent in the service of his mistress, the Archduchess Isabella of Spain, and certainly no less trustworthy. He was generous to a fault, a faithful husband in times not noted for marital constancy, and of indefatigable energy. Those who know him as a painter should learn from these pages something of his extensive activities in the domain of politics.

## Shorter Reviews

*The Measure of Our Thoughts.* By REGINALD LUCAS.  
(A. L. Humphreys. 5s. net.)

THOSE who read "Another Point of View," by "Roderick Lyndon," will have no misgivings as to the pleasure in store when they learn that "The Measure of Our Thoughts" is by the same author. We remember the quiet laughs, the not unpleasant irritation when our armour was deftly pierced, the frowns of entire disagreement and the nods of complete approval—the general sense of exhilaration, in short, which resulted from an hour or two with the previous book, and our anticipations were not spoiled when Mr. Lucas began the same subtle process in the present volume. Under the pleasant pretence of unburdening his mind to his former tutor, and with the thinnest of plots—a mere sequence of aristocratic episodes—he gives his views upon things in general. By a kind of inverted egotism he assumes in himself rather a lack of brains, by which pleasant artifice no one can be for a moment deceived. His characters are vastly amusing; his witticisms and anecdotes, even those of the slightest description, are excellent. His book is, in fact, the essay disguised, but not in the jester's motley; it has even a tender little love-story running through it—a melody caught now and again among more insistent sounds. Stripped of its observations and comments, however, it would be nothing. If, in the intervals of higher affairs—such as big biographies—Mr. Lucas can give us one or two more of these charming studies of humanity and things in general, we shall be the first to read them, and, it seems more than likely, to acclaim his decision.

*Les Chants des Grecs et le philhellénisme de Wilhelm Müller.* By GASTON CAMINADE. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 5 frs.)

AFTER M. Floris Delattre's brilliant study of Herrick, we should say that the present is the most interesting volume of its series—at least of those we have seen ourselves. Wilhelm Müller is an arresting personality, one of the best representatives of what was best in German Romanticism, full of noble ardours and consecrated to immortality by an early death. Formed for academical seclusion, he flung himself into the arena of political facts; "le jeune helléniste est devenu un philhellène." He did not go to Missolonghi with Byron, but he fought with his pen unceasingly for the cause he had made his own. And through the cause of the Greeks M. Caminade shows clearly that Müller fought for another cause—the cause of nationality, condemned to impotent whisperings by the Holy Alliance. His "Griechenlieder" were fine, spirited poems, and express, as well as they

have ever been expressed, the secular grievance of West against East in Eastern Europe. M. Caminade dissects these poems, and shows how Müller began by guessing the soul of the Greeks, then reached firmer ground through imitation and translation. He never descended to pedantries about Olympus, largely because he was a sincere Christian, and he was sparing in his allusions to Leonidas. M. Caminade's comparison of Müller with Körner, because of a common tendency to repeat significant words, seems to us rather trivial; all passionate poetry, patriotic or not, contains these repetitions. There is some valuable information on the elements that composed the Greek revolt, and on the episodes of that revolt. England, under Castlereagh, does not shine; Byron's death committed her to a nobler policy.

*A Hatchment.* By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.  
(Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

IT is long since Mr. Cunningham Graham established his reputation as an artist in words, and in this book of sketches he fully maintains his standard. The style is as near perfection, in its way, as humanity can expect, but there is hardly an idea in the book that will remain in the reader's mind a week after the volume has been laid aside. The work is as fine as ever, but impermanent: only one sketch out of the whole can claim to be a story, and that the last in the book, as if its author had placed it there lest folk should see and read it. The "retrospect" of Buenos Aires in old time is intensely interesting: "El Rodro" is another fascinating sketch of things that were, and in "A Moral Victory" the author disproves for ever the allegation that Scots have no sense of humour—though the heroine of the incident was a Yorkshire woman.

It seems that the one thing lacking from such work as this is the will to accomplish. Better descriptions than these of certain places, people, and phases of life have seldom been penned, and the same is true of the greater part of Mr. Cunningham Graham's work; but, with the exception of historical studies, we do not remember that in any one book of his he has attempted to construct; it is all pleasant criticism, as if a man sat back from life and looked at it, rather idly and contentedly, writing down that which he saw with little concern as to its moral or educative value. It pleased the writer; we may read it if we will, and if we do it will please us too, but with a sense of idle content. Not that persistent theorising or dogmatising is wisdom, but in a book of this literary value should be expressed some view which will show the author as other than a mere quiescent spectator. The author, who will probably accuse us of a lack of charity, expresses here neither faith nor hope, but as one indifferent to all, making pen-pictures of the things he has seen.

*The Flaw in Our Armour.* By Major-General Sir W. G. KNOX, K.C.B. With an introduction by Field-Marshal Earl ROBERTS, V.C., K.G. (Herbert Jenkins. 1s. net.)

THIS small work of General Knox, together with its four pages of introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, should, we think, be printed—not in letters of gold—but in staring, plain, and very black type, and posted on the walls of every public building throughout Great Britain in order that those who run may read. It is not every soldier who is a writer. In England the combination of these two professions is perhaps more rare than in any other country. But in General Knox the Army has found one who deals eloquently and well with the great subject on which he discourses. It is impossible to say more than this in high praise of the book. It is not to be believed that the ordinary Briton could peruse this small but fateful work without being stirred to the depths by the conviction that we, as a nation, are suffering from the dread canker of apathy. No question of panic enters these pages; but he who can read them and remain stolid and apathetic must have a soul of putty—and inferior putty at that!

Others have warned, and their warnings have passed unheeded. General Knox brings to bear upon his subject the weight of logic, a clear understanding, and a remarkable array of telling facts, such as lead one to hope may be productive of the patriotic harvest of which in any other country they might be assured. One is led to expect this—almost, but not quite.

*Eight O'clock and Other Studies.* By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THESE clever little sketches deal with the queer and the hard side of life, and exhibit much knowledge of human nature and character, and of that strange mixture of pathos and humour which goes to make the comedy of so many lives. They all are good, some quite excellent; but the most striking is the first, "Eight O'clock," a little scene in the style of Maeterlinck—the concentrated tragedy of a desolated home, the agonising dialogue of a heart-stricken wife, her sister, and the little girl-child, in a small room, just when the grey light of a chill February morning is breaking between seven and eight o'clock. For the husband is to be hung when the great clock in the neighbouring tower booms out the stroke of eight. This short, dramatic picture of the agony and horror of anticipation is a masterpiece, whose intensity is almost overpowering.

Mr. Raymond Roze announces the special engagement of the celebrated French Arabian *danseuse*, Sahary Djeli. She will dance in the ballet "Narkiss, the Golden Prince," in which Madame Karina and Roberty, who have both scored such a conspicuous success in "Joan of Arc," will also appear.

## Fiction

### American Divorce

*The Custom of the Country.* By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

ADMIRERS of Mrs. Edith Wharton's books have no need to be told that any story bearing her name is sure to possess many remarkably good passages, that the style is excellent, and that the author knows well how to illustrate and adorn her theme; yet, in spite of all, "The Custom of the Country" cannot be said to be a great success as a novel. There is a purpose in the story, a by no means undesirable and probably a necessary one; but the reader feels that at times it very nearly overrides the story itself, which in a novel is an error. Easy American divorce is the theme Mrs. Wharton has chosen, and Undine Spragg, a beautiful girl of plebeian origin, is the one upon whom the author has fixed to show the horribleness and evils of the diabolical system allowed by some of the American States. It may be that Undine is a type of woman evolved by the artificial surroundings of a debased society, but it seems almost incredible that any society or any training could make even an American woman so heartless and callous a creature as Undine is represented to be. She is beautiful, certainly; but that is all. She is never presented as a fascinating woman, yet she has in her train—after her first runaway marriage of a fortnight's duration—a man belonging to one of New York's oldest and best families, Ralph Marvell, whose wife she becomes; Peter Van Degen, the vulgar husband of Ralph's cousin, a young French Marquis of old family—her third matrimonial venture—and her girlhood's husband, who eventually becomes her last.

The courtship period in each case is passed over very lightly; it is with the married life and the break in each case that the book is concerned, and these periods are admirably dealt with. Ralph and the French aristocrat have much in common; each is guided by custom, traditions, and high honour in their private and public life—observances which the young American beauty never for a moment grasps or understands. The only intuition she possesses is to further her own aggrandisement, although she pathetically just misses her desired goal every time. After doing her best to ruin the two families into which she marries, she at last finds her level with her first husband, now more than a millionaire. Thus the end of Undine's ventures is reached, so far as the reader is allowed to know of them. That the book has interest no one will deny; and if it does nothing else, it serves to show the scandalous state of the American divorce laws, although Mrs. Wharton's purpose would have been better served had she presented a character in which the reader could more easily have believed.

*Weeds.* By OLAVE M. POTTER and DOUGLAS SLADEN.  
(Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THERE is no doubt that for the untrained gentlewoman without friends or influence the problem of being compelled to earn her living is a harsh and difficult one. But the lives led by the three young ladies as depicted in "*Weeds*," are surely exaggerated and extreme cases. An idea which looms in the minds of the authors seems to be, that for a woman without a husband life is not worth living. Such an idea is out of keeping with those prevalent at the present day.

We cannot resist the conclusion in our minds, that if the depravity of life in the Mother country be so great as is here represented—which we are little inclined to admit—such ladies as the three heroines of these pages would be well advised to take advantage of the facilities so freely accorded for emigration to Colonies where more abundant opportunity awaits them for escape from the thralldom which is almost inevitable under the overcrowded conditions in which we live. However, the moral insisted upon is a useful one, namely, that those who have womenfolk dependent upon them should spare no endeavour to save them from the possibility of undergoing such vicissitudes as were endured by Lesley Bridges, Agnes Openshaw, and Mary Strange.

*The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans.* By EDWARD THOMAS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THE author looks back to the people in this story as one looks back to a state lived in once, and not to be gone through again by reason of changing circumstances. So far as the Morgans, Aurelius, Stodham, Torrance, and the others are concerned, the book is one of reminiscences concerning people and things so far back in time that others have ceased to regard them as important—it is not a story dependent on action, for these folk are stated to have been, not to have done. But there are legends of the West Country and of Wales, told as Mr. Thomas knows how to tell old stories, that cause one to forget the happy-go-lucky Morgans in the way that one may forget modern literature in reading some rare old manuscript. The story of the swan women, the legend of the beggar with the long white beard, and the tale of Morgan's Folly—these are deeply etched pictures, owing as much to the craft of the hand that has wrought them as to the material from which they are taken.

As to its modern people, the book is stationary; they do not move out of the scene in which the author first set them. Mr. Morgan, Philip, Jessie, Aurelius, and the rest stand still to be looked at. It is a book of reminiscences, not a story—but its author has brought the glamour of Welsh hill-country and coast-land to London, and what more could the heart of any man desire?

*The Honour of the House.* By MRS. HUGH FRASER and J. L. STAHLMANN. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

"IN the year of grace 1697, the reigning monarch being our lord the Pope Innocent the Twelfth," intrigue and subtle craft were the order of the day among patrician folk; the lives of plebeians, with very few exceptions, were of little consequence, and thus it will be understood that this story of Giacinto and Fiordelisa is a story of intrigue and counterplot, ending—apart from its love interest—with total defeat of the machinations of the old Prince of Bordelacqua and his associates, from de Curtis down to Sturmli, and the triumph of Giacinto.

Understanding that the age and its influence bred plots without number—especially in Italy, where the scene is laid—we can accept the involved character of the story as a necessity. But, whether through collaboration or any other cause, the intricate plot drags at times. The accusation against Giacinto, with almost sufficient support to convince his wife of his guilt, and its computation at the end—how many times has this been written before, and do we not all know that the hero will clear himself? The characters move smoothly along conventional, well-trodden ways, and, through over-restraint, events in the story that might stand out in relief are toned down to the slight prominence of minor happenings: the book is level, diffuse, and even, at times, wearying. De Curtis is probably the most attractive of the characters, for both Giacinto and Fiordelisa are of the "sinned against" class that irritates rather than attracts. The book, as a whole, makes heavy reading, and would have gained—to use a paradox—by the loss of some of its descriptive paragraphs.

*The Hat Shop.* By Mrs. C. S. PEEL. (John Lane. 6s.)

THERE is not a little to be said in praise of "*The Hat Shop*." Nevertheless, considering the amount of talent displayed, it is a distinctly disappointing work. That Mrs. Peel has the ability to produce a really notable novel is fully evidenced in the first three or four chapters of the book, during which our anticipations and hopes ran high. Afterwards, we are bound to confess that these were to a great extent shattered. Indeed, in Mrs. Peel's enthusiastic description of what occurs in a hat-shop, the promising thread of the story as well as the characterisation of its people became thinner and thinner, and finally, to all intents and purposes, died away. Yet, as we have said, there is very much that is amusing in this novel, and even the male sex who might stand shuddering outside the windows of such shops in their material forms need not fear to enter here, for—in spite of its faults—they will learn much that will prove to their benefit and diversion.

## In Fiord-Land—IX

(Conclusion)

BY W. H. KOEBEL

IT seems that nothing is permanent on this earth—not even our stay at Norheimsund. The gentler sex had become restless. Its three representatives had begun to beat themselves upon the sands of male complacency and content. The Maid looked as though she contained herself by an effort; the Imp walked ponderingly, while the Matron burst into open speech.

"This is magnificent," she asserted, "but it is not Norway. Read any book you like —"

We faced her accusingly. Her face fell. It was obvious that she—and they—had broken our compact. They had been procuring literature—perhaps guide-books, perhaps even maps! But it takes more than an accusing glance to throw the Matron out of her stride.

"Yes—books," she admitted. "Books by people who have travelled in Norway. Others may have sat down and remained in one single, solitary corner. If so, they have not written books about it."

The mischief had been done. It was in vain that we protested. Into the female mind had entered ambition together with this unwelcome information—exactly how it had been obtained we knew not yet. Our feeble efforts died one by one, blown away in detail by the merciless fire of the temporarily argumentative and instructive lady. She told us much of which we had previously had no inkling. Did we not know, for instance, that there were certain peculiarities utterly typical of Norway? For instance, the steamers which travelled up and down the fiords invariably reached their destination at some impossibly adventurous hour—for preference, one or two o'clock of a morning. Had we noticed this? We had to admit that our strictly limited number of arrivals had so far been conducted at respectable hours.

It had not been a fair question on the Matron's part, seeing that she knew the answer as well as we did. But the reply seemed to encourage her, and she took up her parable with increasing enthusiasm. Her questions followed each other hot-foot. Had we seen the midnight sun? A Laplander? Or even a reindeer? Had we trampled over the glistening glaciers? Slept in the lonely huts? Or, in fact, sacrificed any of the vital comforts of existence?

It was impossible to continue in the unbroken chorus of negatives without some humiliation and mental pain. In our turn we broke in upon the stream of interrogations, and endeavoured to show a resolute and unbroken front.

We had done, we protested, all that could be expected of us. We had taken Norway and the neighbourhood as we found them. They had treated us in the same fashion, and until this we had imagined that we had given each other mutual satisfaction. Had we not in innumerable and charming excursions ransacked the landscape of the district? Had we not committed ourselves to a trusty motor launch, and glided along the

many arms of the fiord, sometimes feeling like flies on the face of the water when the tremendous rocky walls narrowed and stood up over us in overwhelming majesty? Yes! And we had done more than this. We had tramped the summits of the mountains near by—if they held no glaciers, was that any fault of ours?—we had seen the tiny, pretty, slender, deer-like cattle; and had expended all these adjectives on the creatures when we saw them. We had ploughed our way through the heather and the bilberries, and had wandered for hours in the lofty woodlands, failing to find the track that would lead us down to the lower regions and the companionship of man.

Now that we gave serious consideration to the matter, it seemed to us that we had done many things at this Norheimsund, which we had already grown to look upon as our own. We had picnicked in alluring beds of soft green fern; we had paddled skiffs across the alternate patches of blue and shadowed waters from one fairy inlet to another. And when we had nothing better to do there was the waterfall—our own more or less private waterfall plashing within convenient range, with its restful hench poised between the falling torrent and the rock, so that one sat directly under the broad, shining, liquid ribbon. Yet, of course, the thing was inevitable. We had come to see Norway. This corner of the Hardanger fiord, we had to admit, was only part of it! We consulted the hotel *portier* timidly, and even with hope that the offended majesty of his face might destroy our reluctant resolution to pass on. Alas! the *portier* received our confidences with a complacency which was almost disturbing to our pride. He seemed to wonder, not that we were going, but that we, as English tourists, should have remained so long in one place. Doubtless his philosophy was built up on a sound basis. In any case, this admission of his seemed to make our sloth all the more patent and shameful.

Nothing remained. Our last hope had departed. It was now imperative for us to move on! We packed our bags and viewed for the last time the fiord, the mountains, and the distant, lofty snowfields—on which we had never wanted to climb.

We were, in fact, about to set out into the world. Doubtless it would all be very nice. We were going to see what everybody else was going to see—and therefore it was high time to close these pages. Yet I cannot do this before recapitulating the scene of farewell. I have reason to believe—and hope—that this was quite an imposing sight. From a comprehensive and bird's-eye point of view, I saw nothing, since the five of us were too closely engaged for a calm and disinterested survey, surrounded by fellow-guests, hotel officials, and villagers, as we were.

What a shaking of hands! And what a waving of handkerchiefs! An octopus and a linen-factory—these were the two institutions we longed to be at one and the same time in order to perform these duties really efficiently. And then came the little steamer, the fiord, the projecting headlands: and then, for us, Norheimsund was no more!

## In the Learned World

**A**EROPLANING continues to hold the field in the way of invention, and many active brains are hard at work devising means which will make it as safe as it is already successful as a means of locomotion. The comparative failure of the Dunne aeroplane to justify itself in the sight of London aviators—or, at all events, its apparent inability to rise from the ground at the Hendon aerodrome—disappointed many in this respect; but the defect that caused it will no doubt be remedied sooner or later. Given its shape of an equilateral triangle, or, rather of a pair of compasses opened to a right angle with the points some fifteen feet apart, it is plain that there is necessarily a difficulty in getting up sufficient speed for its ascension on uneven or lumpy ground. If the wheels on which it runs are placed under the compass-joint alone, the immense lateral spread of the two legs has to be towed by the engine without such diminution of friction as would be produced by supporting wheels under their extremities. If the compass-legs, so to speak, themselves carry wheels, it is hardly likely that on uneven ground all three sets of wheels will be at the same moment in contact with the earth and doing equal work; and in either case, it is improbable that any very great speed will be produced. It would seem that the difficulty might be overcome, either by using a sort of launching sledge from which the machine should release itself when it has acquired sufficient ascending power, or also by widening and lengthening the head or compass-joint so as to make a better-running carriage. But, either in this or some other way, we shall no doubt soon see the Dunne in the air.

Meanwhile, M. Couade has communicated to the French Académie des Sciences a most ingenious arrangement for carrying parachutes on aeroplanes. In this the parachute, folded up like a closed umbrella, is ensconced in the fuselage or body of the machine, like a cork in the neck of a bottle. It carries at its rearward extremity a second and much smaller parachute with elastic ribs, also closed, which projects slightly from the containing tube. At the will of the aviator this can be released, whereupon it extracts the larger parachute from the fuselage as a corkscrew takes out a cork. The larger parachute, designed to support the aviator, is attached to the machine by a long cable, and means are provided in the way of brakes for preventing this cable from being paid out so rapidly as to cause any sudden jerk when fully extended. Perhaps it might be so applied as to break the fall of the whole machine, and cause it to flutter harmlessly to the ground in the event of the engine failing; but the invention does not seem yet to have passed the model stage.

Operations for the removal of the vermiform appendix have become so frequent of late that M. Robinson's paper in the November *Comptes-Rendus* of the same Academy should interest many people. He combats vigorously the idea put about by many doctors that the appendix

—he calls it the vermium—is a useless organ. After pointing out that nearly every animal from the ormithorhynchus up to man possesses it, he describes the effect produced on certain "laboratory" animals such as rabbits by the hypodermic injection of a very small quantity of emulsion composed of glycerine and the scrapings of the mucous membrane from healthy human appendixes surgically removed. In every case, this produced complete and immediate evacuation of the large intestine without any consequent inflammation or lesion discoverable on dissection. The emulsion was carefully sterilised with periodate of potassium to prevent any risk of infection, and all necessary control experiments were made. From these facts he draws the logical conclusion that the appendix, so far from being a useless organ, secretes a *hormone* or stimulant which has the function of exciting contractions of the cæcum necessary, or at any rate conducive, to the expulsion of its contents. Hence, he says, its surgical removal, except in cases where there is distinct evidence of its being seriously and incurably diseased, is attended with permanent injury to the patient, and should be avoided as much as possible. The paper will no doubt arouse much controversy, but certainly deserves consideration, if only as a counterblast to the fashion which has for many years reigned in medical circles.

Another curious use of hypodermic injections is announced by Dr. Toulouse, the director of the Asylum at Villejuif. He has lately tried injecting oxygen subcutaneously in cases of raving mania, epilepsy, and melancholia. He finds that the operation is nearly always beneficial, and that it much diminishes the violence of the attack in raving mania and epilepsy, while in melancholia it goes somewhere near to producing a perfect cure. As there are several difficulties in the way of accurate observation in these matters, not the least of which is the influence of the imagination on both doctor and patient, it may be sufficient to say at present that these experiments seem to suggest that imperfect oxygenation of the blood may be the proximate cause of much mental disease. Dr. Toulouse's observations, made in collaboration with Dr. Charles Richet, the Nobel prizeman, on the good effects resulting from the suppression of salt in the diet of epileptics, may possibly tend the same way.

Fire-extinguishing liquids have long been in use among us, especially in connection with underground railways and automobiles. A new fire-extinguisher is mentioned in the French journal *La Nature* which is operated not by any liquid but by a powder consisting of bicarbonate and tungstate of sodium mechanically mixed. It is claimed that this, when thrown on a flame, produces carbonic acid gas and tungstic acid, both of which, it is asserted, help to extinguish the flame. If this be so, the new invention would have an advantage over the old in the smaller space in which the fire-extinguishing substance could be packed and in the ease with which it could be used.

F. L.

## Music

WHEN an honourable and useful institution falls on evil days, struggles on ineffectually and finally comes to an end, it is not necessarily the case that there is anything there for tears, any more than there is when a long life that has been lived for the welfare of humanity comes to its natural close. Institutions, societies, communities, may very properly cease to be when their special work has been accomplished. They can, if they choose, die gracefully, unwilling to prolong an unequal contest with circumstances, and it is very well when they do so choose. But sometimes it comes to pass that the watchers round what they think is a death-bed are suddenly startled by unmistakable signs of life in the agonising patient. He sits up, he glances round, he grasps his staff, he sets forth valiantly to show that there is still work for him to do, and that he has strength to do it. Then must the friends, the expectant mourners, confess their error, raise a cheer, and speed the sturdy worker on his way. For some years past we have been told by many shrewd observers in the musical world that the real work of the ancient Philharmonic Society was done; that the Institution for which Beethoven wrote his Choral Symphony was doomed; that nobody wanted it any more, and that, following the example of its august companion the Sacred Harmonic Society a few years ago, it had better bow to the inevitable, wind up its affairs, and make a dignified exit from the stage of this world. Reasonable, kindly folk have held such language as this. While deploring the fact, they have suggested that it would be wiser to recognise it. The Philharmonic had become "antiquated," its mission would be better carried out by younger, more vigorous, more adaptable societies. The more impatient modernists were at no pains to conceal their desire for the Philharmonic's disappearance. They scoffed disrespectfully at the venerable gentleman's years and dotage. "The Philharmonic must go," they cried. But has it gone? No indeed, and it is not going. It has shown most certain signs of renewed life, of consciousness that it is still capable of doing as valuable a musical work as any other society. In a word, it has put to silence the taunts of its detractors, and shown its capacity to rise up and meet the requirements of the time.

The most urgent need in Great Britain's world of music to-day is that its young composers should be encouraged, and their works given a hearing, a patient hearing. We need not dwell on the difficulties in the way, nor yet enlarge on the admirable efforts that have been made during the last few years by different conductors, and different patrons, to overcome them. A generation or two ago, when the British composer confined his aims to the writing of an Oratorio or Cantata, the provincial Festivals gave him his opportunity. Those musicians who were speedily recognised as having a serious claim to attention, or who from their

position could command special influence, Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, Cowen, for instance, generally got their works performed, and the first meteoric success of Elgar is fresh in everyone's recollection. But we have now to consider the claims of a number of young composers who are neither Stanfords nor Mackenzies, nor yet Elgars, with whose careers it is not rash to say the future of British music is bound up. Official status is not theirs to rely on for aid; they have not dazzled the public nor captured Fashion as did Sir Edward Elgar; nevertheless we believe that it is their work—work, it may be, as yet tentative, immature—which is to form the base of the future British school of composition. The works they are producing now may not endure and live in the programmes of the future; the "Sea Symphony" and the "Faery Hills" may be destined to win that renown only which Biographical Dictionaries can confer, but we are sure that they are the prologue to what shall endure; they are signs of what is going to be, if the young life now showing so hopefully is nurtured and cherished as it ought to be.

The Philharmonic Society, with all the weight of its splendid traditions, has now thrown its influence on the side of the new movement. At its last Concert, instead of summoning one of its long-tried conductors to perform Beethoven and Brahms, it called to its counsels one of the most enthusiastic and determined of the young generation, Mr. Balfour Gardiner, whose spirited efforts on behalf of his brother composers lately roused such sympathy among all generous music-lovers in London. They bade him choose a programme of modern compositions, and so we heard Mr. Arnold Bax' orchestral fantasy "In the Faery Hills," Mr. Frederick Austin's Symphony in E, a movement from an "Oriental Suite," by Mr. Von Holst, and the third "Norfolk Rhapsody," by Mr. Vaughan Williams, the orchestral music being pleasantly alternated with madrigals and part-songs sung by Mr. Kennedy Scott's first-rate "Oriana" Choir.

When we listen to Mr. Bax we like to think that the genius of Ireland is not manifesting itself only in the singing of those whom the world speaks of as poets. Irish Music has her poet now. We do not mean that Mr. Bax is her only poet, but we do think him her truest. He commands a beautiful language of his own, fluent and flexible enough to express all the shades of his thought. And the thought is genuinely poetical. One passage in "The Faery Hills" was suggested by a fancy of Mr. Yeats, but the design of the delicate picture is Mr. Bax' own. We care to lay no stress on the importance of this piece on account of the evidence it gives of the composer's mastery of the orchestra, as if he were a prize-pupil coming up for praise. What we have to do is to state that here is a lovely poem to which we could listen again and again, which we should like to know by heart; here is a music which took us away from Queen's Hall into an Irish glen. For us, at any rate, it was an addition to our treasury of beauty.

Alas! that Mr. Frederick Austin's muse could not similarly enthral us. His symphony was not difficult to listen to; weighty words were evidently being addressed to us; broad sentences were logically developed, and many a period was impressive. But the spark of fire did not reach near enough to warm and quicken. Mr. Von Holst's Finale to his suite, "Beni Mora," is certainly the most satisfying specimen of his power that we have heard. It is a brilliant, even a delightful, bit of description, the work of a keen observer who has the skill to set down instantly what he has noted, and set it down picturesquely as well as faithfully. We, too, have heard the confused sounds that come from a Tunisian "street of dancing girls," and can testify to the truth of Mr. Von Holst's observation. This piece seemed to us greatly in advance of his "Somerset Rhapsody," which we have heard twice very recently, and which we know is highly praised by competent judges. Neither Mr. Von Holst nor Mr. Vaughan Williams takes the word "rhapsody" quite in the Homeric sense, but they "sew together" a number of tunes, and we find the latter the more skilful of the two with his needle. "Norfolk Rhapsody," No. III, is a "jolly" piece, put together with remarkable deftness.

Of other concerts we may mention that of Miss Gerhardt and Mr. Reimers, who sang very charmingly. Had the lady emulated her companion's steadiness of tone the duets would have been more successful; as it was, her *vibrato* disfigured the ensemble, as also did her tendency to drag the time. Mr. Reimers had a cold, but his skill was as great as ever, and in two delightful songs by George Hue, "La Fille du Roi de Chine" and "L'Ane blanc," he was inimitably good. M. Pachmann did well to revive Webster's Sonata in A-flat at his recital. Unfortunately, he presented a maimed version of both this and several Chopin pieces, paying no regard to their rhythms, and occupying himself entirely with their details.

### Colour Prints and Book Illustrations at the Leicester Galleries

THE effectiveness of colour etching has never been better illustrated than by M. Boutet de Monvel, sixty-nine of whose prints are now on view at the Leicester Galleries. His work is so well known and appreciated that it is needless to say that the exhibition is full of interest, the prints now shown being in many cases the only remaining proofs. The charm of M. Boutet de Monvel's work, the peculiar stiff grace of its firm outlines and flat harmonious colour, is of course particularly well adapted to the colour-printing process, and illustrates admirably the possibilities of its simpler forms. The colour is always fresh and clean, the design, in which he excels, brought

out strongly. M. Boutet de Monvel is eminently a stylist, and these etchings are masterpieces of style. "Le Lion," "La Psyché," "Le Départ pour la Chasse" are, generally speaking, the essence of his subject matter. It is the passing procession of the *beau monde* drawn with force by the hand of a master. "Les Crinolines" are full of charm and vigour; so is "Le Luxembourg" with its clever impression of a sun mist, and the charming portrait of "Mlle. de C.," to name only a few. But they are not all fashionable. There is the soft little picture of "Ecolières," and "Le Promeneur" is extremely effective. It is interesting too to see the influence, first of Whistler's design in "La Vieille," and even of the earlier Post-Impressionists in such a picture as "L'Ecluse"; while not the least interesting part of the exhibition are the curiously decorative landscapes, of which "L'Eglise de Bagnaux," "La petite Ville," and "Le Canal de Lonig" are perhaps the best.

In another room at the same gallery Mr. Edmund Dulac is exhibiting some of his pictures, as in former years, and the collection, though smaller than usual, this time includes some of his finest work. He has forsaken the rather marble-like effect in his manner of colouring, which was so noticeable in many of his Hans Andersen illustrations and others, and his work has gained a good deal in beauty of texture on this account. Certainly "The King of China and Badoura," in the series illustrating "Princess Badoura," which has been acquired by the Luxembourg, and "The Marriage Procession" are exquisite examples of his enamel-like colouring. There is greater expression and feeling in his drawing of faces and figures—in "Nicolette," in "La Petite Lingère," and in "Lisette" especially one sees this. The two latter belong to a series of pictures for Old French Songs, which "Lisette" particularly expresses with a certain quaint charm and sense of mystery.

It is a very different world which one finds pictured in the same room by Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations to "Quality Street." Everyone knows how enjoyable Mr. Thomson's illustrations can be, and "Quality Street" is such a congenial subject that one is not surprised to find these pictures quite in the style of the artist's best known work. Anyone who appreciates Sir J. M. Barrie's play would enjoy the doings of Miss Willoughby, Miss Susan, Phœbe, and Valentine in their delicately drawn surroundings behind the rose-sprigged curtains of Quality Street. There are also five illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer," of which "You were going to observe, Sir," is one of the best in Mr. Thomson's exhibition. The adjoining room is devoted to a large number of pen and ink and colour drawings, "In Powder and Crinoline," by a talented but eccentric artist, Mr. Kay Nielsen, whose curiously fantastic pictures are forcible enough to be oppressive, though his designs, in which he is a follower of Aubrey Beardsley, are undoubtedly very fine pieces of decoration, and his colouring is remarkably delicate and effective.

## The Magazines

THE most important article in the *Nineteenth Century* from a literary point of view is undoubtedly a well-reasoned discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare question by E. W. Smithson, entitled "Ben Jonson's Pious Fraud." Unlike most writings by confessed Baconians, this is extremely interesting, and the author admits that, "with the tons of printed matter on the Baconian side" his acquaintance is small. His arguments we cannot reproduce in detail; but with one suggestion we are entirely in agreement—that a couple of scholarships should be endowed for the purpose of research into the subject, "provided that all roving after cyphers, cryptograms, and so forth, were barred." Sir Harry Johnston writes well on the pleasures and pains of "Paris this Autumn," but is surely in error when he says that the steamers on the Southampton-Havre route are "slow, old-fashioned, and uncomfortable boats." Those who have travelled by this route recently know that these steamers are among the best and swiftest in use on any Channel crossing. Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill gives his views on the "New Spirit in French Literature" in a capital essay, and other valuable contributions include "Ulster," by J. H. Morgan; "The New Health Crusade," by W. A. Brend; and "The Religious Future of China," by R. Fleming Johnston.

The *English Review* shows great variety in its selection this month. The editor has a very amusing button-hole chat on "Editorial Amenities"—a very fair statement of the position of the controller of an up-to-date review, we imagine. Mr. Zangwill writes on "The Militant Suffragists"; Aleister Crowley has an article on "Art in America" which should set all Americans who own to pride of country hot on his trail with loaded revolvers; there is the final instalment of a series of "Love-Letters" of the kind which is very wearisome; and we have two or three of the usual excellent stories, with a good topical article on "Railway Disasters and Dividends," by Rowland Kenney. Altogether, a worthy number, though not exceptional.

Home politics are treated in the *Empire Review* by "An Irishman," his "Federation or Disintegration" being a plea for the consideration of the Irish difficulty from a broad, Imperial standpoint. In "Mr. Churchill's Offer to Germany," by "Diplomatist," the notion of a "naval holiday" is censured, and the sensible conclusion is arrived at that "the earlier in life the English boy and girl get to know the German boy and girl the better will be the understanding between the nations." Lord Charles Beresford opens with "The Naval Outlook," and there are other interesting contributions. *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, contains No. XXIII in the series "Master Builders of Greater Britain," by P. E. Lewin—Sir Alexander Mackenzie being the theme; an excellent poem in couplets, entitled "My Lost London: A Colonist's Reverie"; "British Contributions to Argentine Progress," by H. A. Cartwright; and several other valuable items.

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The philosopher will enjoy the latest issue of the *International Journal of Ethics*; the ordinary man will read with awe and admiration, for the subjects treated are, to say the least, "deep." A very fine article on "Christian Ethics and the Ideal of Nationality" opens this quarter's number, by G. F. Barbour; "The Hegelian Concept of the State and Modern Individualism," by H. S. Shelton, "Art, Philosophy, and Life," by H. M. Kallen, and "Martineau on the Object and Mode of Moral Judgment," by N. C. Mukerji, complete this full issue, apart from reviews and notices.

The best pages in the current *Poetry Review* are by Mr. J. A. Mackereth, on "Poetry and Dilettantism"—a plea for the high seriousness of all true poetry, well and closely reasoned, though hardly long enough. The Editor discusses "Shakespeare and the Supernatural," and the notices of recent verse are thoughtful and occasionally really critical. An admirable essay on "National Character in Art" stands out from the other contents of the quarterly *Journal of the Imperial Arts League*, by H. R. Mileham, in which a severe but much-needed criticism is made upon the vagaries of the "Futurists" and the invasion of English art by foreign methods.

The *Irish Review* has an article on "The Agony of Dublin," by Professor Kettle, marked by strong common sense; a rhapsody in prose on "An Irish Sunrise," by Standish O'Grady; and some poetry, of which a sonnet by Joseph Plunkett is most worthy of note. In *Modern Astrology's* Christmas number we must admit the rather awe-struck interest of the outsider; the "Weather Forecasts" for 1914, however, touched us more closely. As to February next, we are told that it "opens cold, with rain, and in some places there will be snow. It will be finer and milder about the 10th, but the stationary Saturn and Mars on the 11th and 12th will either cause a storm or else alternations of mild and cold weather." We feel certain that such insight will be rewarded by fulfilment.

*Neale's Monthly* (New York) will attract the attention of English readers by a remarkable article entitled "Justin Huntly McCarthy, Plagiarist," in which Miss Cohen, the assistant editor of the magazine, claims to have made a discovery, substantiated by copious quotations, with regard to one of the novelist's books. The *Atlantic Monthly* is to the front, as always, with some splendid matter for all intellectual folk. "A Day at Babylon" treats of the ruins of the ancient city and their scriptural interest; "The Call of the Job," by R. C. Cabot, is a discussion of the power of work and its value mentally; and "Recent Reflections of a Novel-Reader" treats briefly of the best books of this season. Laurence Binyon writes on "Ideas of Design in East and West," and the remainder of the contributions are up to standard. In *Harper's* the illustrations, of course, form a special feature; the stories, poems, and principal articles form a collection hard to excel. The current *Windsor Magazine* also is exceptionally fine in the matter of pictures, and it has stories by six or seven of the best-known writers.

## The Theatre

### "The Three Wayfarers" at the Little Theatre

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S short story, "The Three Strangers," dramatised, and acted by sophisticated London players, scarcely seemed so satisfactory as a reading of the story itself. It is gruesome enough, the general idea, the juxtaposition of the escaped criminal about to be hanged for sheep-stealing and the new hangman who was due to "turn him off" at Casterbridge the next morning; but it should have been acted more quietly. Too much exuberance lessened the possible thrills. We find no authority in "Wessex Tales" for making the hangman exceedingly tipsy, nor for the extreme fright of the "criminal," nor for the exaggerated by-play between the two with the fatal rope; again, there seems no good reason for making the brother of the escaped man, captured by mistake, look and behave like a person of weak intellect. However, others may read the tale differently. The scene was well conceived, and Mr. Franklin Dyall, Mr. Frank Randell, and Mr. Miles Malleon in the principal parts emphasised their ideas of the characters to the satisfaction of the audience. It was pleasant, afterwards, to see the two former actors take their place so effectively in Mr. Chesterton's fantasy, "Magic."

### "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick Theatre

THERE is always a large and delighted and boyish audience for a quite too French French farce. Mr. Louis Meyer is very fortunate in being able to supply this acknowledged want with Mr. José G. Levy's cunning adaptation of "Madame La Présidente." MM. Hennequin and Veber know exactly how to contrive that mixture of the respectable with the rather naughty which is so greatly enjoyed in the theatre, if not out of it. The pleasingly wicked plot of the original has in this case been toned down to meet what are supposed to be our simple English tastes, but none of the fun has disappeared, as so often happens in this process.

There is the not uncommon story of the extremely upright M. Tricointe (Mr. E. Dagnall) being utterly compromised on account of a little plot which obliges him to introduce the lively actress, Gobette (Miss Jean Aylwin), as his wife. M. Tricointe is a judge, and naturally receives a visit from the Minister of Justice, the young and dashing M. Cyprien Gaudet, who loses nothing of his *élan* in the hands of Mr. Farren Soutar. Soon the Minister is complicated with the lady who is supposed to be the judge's wife, and violently funny scene follows ridiculous escapade with refreshing rapidity.

During the first two acts, at least, the authors are never at a loss for some turn just a trifle more amusing than one had any right to expect. The third act is quite good enough, but, as you may suppose, the fun has been worked pretty hard, and both the actors and the audience are ready to welcome a comparatively quiet ending. That the play is neat and clever may be taken for granted, when it comes from such accomplished and ready hands. For this sort of wild farce to be perfectly built is nothing new, but what does give great freshness to the affair is the able and graceful acting of many of the company. In particular, Miss Jean Aylwin is a delight and—may we say?—a surprise. The last part we saw her play was in a Scottish comedy which did not give her great opportunities of being convincing. But as Gobette she is the life and spirit of "Who's the Lady?" Her treatment of a class of part which is always rather a difficult and delicate matter is admirable; every word and every action tells; she is the character she plays, but one recognises the comedian too. Miss Fay Compton and Miss Minnie Terry and Miss Millie Hylton as Madame Tricointe are all excellent in their extremely different ways, and the whole cast works with a will that should soon make this play one of the most successful farces of the day.

### Miss Italia Conti's Dances and Songs at the Little Theatre

AFTER watching the admirable entertainment which this gifted teacher has composed for afternoon performances at the Little Theatre, one is convinced, for the time being, that only children should dance and sing and act—only children from about seven to seventeen. So cleverly has Miss Conti managed her pupils that in almost all cases their dances and songs appear the spontaneous outpouring of their own joyousness.

In one of the first numbers Miss Marie Royston sings an Irish song with a wonderful simplicity and purity of style; her childish voice is capable of perfect pathos and beauty; it would be a very agreeable happening if, like Peter Pan, she did not grow up. Miss Esmé Hersee, too, makes a delightful song of "Where the Bee Sucks," with a dancing chorus of the most engaging little imps. The nursery songs from Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" were very cleverly given by Miss Phyllis Bourke, and there were half a dozen other beautiful dances and songs, as well as a few that were not very tastefully chosen.

Miss Mavis Yorke, although a tiny little girl, is already well known; in the first programme of these performances she was seen to especial advantage in a "Butterfly" dance. After all these pretty little songs and dances had passed, Miss Conti produced a fantasy of the future by Mr. Ernest Hutchinson, called "Votes for Children." This is an excellent satire on

the present votes for women movement, and is played with great vivacity by some half-dozen charming children and a few older mortals. This little play of "the dim and distant future" should often be seen again, for we have no doubt these merry afternoon entertainments will be popular for some time to come. The theatre exactly fits with this sort of fun; there is an air of intimacy, freshness, and gaiety about the whole thing that we rarely experience in more elaborate stage work.

EGAN MEW.

## Notes and News

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing "The Handy Boy: A Modern Handy Book of Practical and Profitable Pastimes," by A. Neely Hall. Besides developing handiness, this book will encourage the boy in wood-working, electrical and mechanical toy-making, scoutcraft, and other forms of indoor and outdoor handicraft. Price, with 600 illustrations, 6s. net.

Professor George Bryce, M.A., LL.D. (of Winnipeg University), author of "The Remarkable History of the Hudson Bay Company," has practically rewritten his famous book, "A Short History of the Canadian People," and it will be issued by the house that has published for him since 1881—Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

Mr. Murray is to publish in pamphlet form, under the title of "The Great Appeal of the Cavendish Association to Men of the Public Schools and Universities," the speeches delivered by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Prime Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Selborne, Sir Edward Grey, the Bishop of London, and Lord Hugh Cecil.

Arrangements have now been completed between Miss Ethel Warwick and Mr. Alan Campbell for the latter to take over the Globe Theatre some time in December, when Mr. Campbell will produce a new play by Lechmere Worrall and Bernard Merivale, entitled "The Night Hawk." Mr. Kenneth Douglas will be responsible for the production and will also appear in the leading part.

Two more volumes in the series of great engravers, which Mr. Heinemann began publishing last year, are now ready. They are "Fragonard" and "Hogarth," and the latter should be particularly interesting to English readers. Each volume contains a series of reproductions of the best work of the engraver whose name it bears, and a lucid introduction by Mr. Arthur M. Hind, of the British Museum, the well-known author of "A Short History of Engraving."

Soon after the publication of his history of Pre-Raphaelitism, Holman Hunt began to collect materials for a revised edition. This, which included considerable additions, was in a sufficiently forward state at the time of his death to permit the completion of the task by his widow, with the result that Messrs. Chap-

man and Hall are able to announce for early publication a revised and cheaper edition, which contains about 350 illustrations.

Colonel H. C. Wylly has edited the Journal of Captain Gordon, of the 15th Hussars, which contained a record of the Corunna Campaign of 1808-9. The Journal was kept during that famous retreat of Sir John Moore which culminated at Corunna, and its details throw new light upon the event and the generalship which governed it. The volume, entitled "The Journal of a Cavalry Officer in the Corunna Campaign," will be published by Mr. Murray next month.

In his "Pragmatism and Idealism," announced by Messrs. Black, Professor Caldwell has made a serious attempt to set forth the principles of the "practical and dynamic" philosophy associated with the American philosophy of "Pragmatism" and the "Action" philosophy of thinkers such as Eucken and Bergson. A serviceable account is given of the whole recent pragmatist movement, and of the issues between the pragmatists and rationalists, while another chapter deals with the "Pragmatist Elements" in the teaching of Bergson.

A young Danish artist, Mr. Kay Nielsen, is now making his *début* at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, in an exhibition of water-colour drawings illustrating old fairy tales such as "Minon-Minette," "The Twelve Dancing Princesses," "The Man Who Never Laughed," etc., which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has retold in a book published this autumn under the title of "In Powder and Crinoline." At the same galleries are being shown a collection of about eighty of the colour-etchings by Monsieur B. Boutet de Monvel, which have had a considerable vogue in Paris during the last two or three years.

The Board of Education announce that reproductions of two specimens in the Textile Collections at the Victoria and Albert Museum, printed in colours on sheets measuring 15 inches by 12 inches, have been placed on sale at the catalogue stall in the Museum, price 1s. each. The specimens selected are a linen panel embroidered with silk, English work dated 1730, and part of a linen bodice embroidered with silk, English work of the early eighteenth century. Special care has been taken to give a true rendering of the texture and colours, as it is thought that the reproductions may be useful to students and workers who are unable to examine the originals.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* (Conservative organ) for Nov. 15, in a long and sober article on the policy of European Alliances, devotes special attention to the British-German relations. Referring to the negotiations going on between London and Berlin, the paper refrains from joining in the general chorus of speculations *re* the points at issue, and confines itself to expressing the hope that the results may prove satisfactory to either of the contracting parties. The natural conflicts existing between the two greatest commercial Powers are not of such a nature as to justify warlike operations. There is, however, a strong feeling of distrust between the two nations which cannot be brushed aside by diplomatic efforts, and can only be overcome by a better knowledge

and understanding of each other, which may eventually lead to a lasting friendship.

At a public meeting at the Whitehall Rooms on November 17 the following resolution was passed unanimously on the motion of Mr. Edwin Evans, L.C.C., seconded by Mr. George Lankester:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the Dublin employers and free workers are acting in the interests of freedom and of the whole community in resisting the tyranny and intimidation of the Irish Transport Union; this meeting recognises that the present issue is not one of wages, hours, or of improving the conditions of the poorer-paid workers, but the claim of the Transport Union to control the whole trade of Ireland at their will, to break agreements and break the law whenever it suits their purpose, and to coerce other workmen and compel them to join the Transport Union against their will; and this meeting pledges itself to do all in its power to support the employers and free workers in their fight for equality of right to work for both union and non-union workmen." Mr. Mark H. Judge proposed and Mr. A. Statham seconded a cordial vote of thanks to the members of the deputation.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE OPPOSITION TO THE NAVAL ESTIMATES

IN certain sections of the Radical Press an attempt is being made to organise a movement of protest against the Naval Estimates, which is based ostensibly on the grounds that these Estimates involve an increase in national taxation. To the movement itself, as a factor of opposition to the First Lord's policy, we attach little importance; and it is as unlikely to react injuriously upon the fortunes of the Liberal Party as it is to impair the efficiency of Great Britain's sea-power. But the circumstance is, nevertheless, of interest and significance, and points to the growing disfavour with which the question of armaments is viewed among a considerable class of intelligent men throughout the country. For we find it unreasonable to subscribe glibly to the belief that all such opposition is dictated mainly by motives of parochial parsimony, and we readily concede that the sin of Little Englandism may occasionally harbour the germ of positive virtue. The real point at issue is, however, that a minority, worthy in most respects of consideration, are always prepared to cry halt to the naval progress of this country, utterly regardless of conditions and exigencies which they seem incapable of taking into account. Although the idealist is supposed to enjoy a far vision, it would appear almost as though he were blinded by his idealism. We very much fear that in the case of emergency idealism becomes an expensive luxury, and the age in which we live is undoubtedly an age of emergency. England, as England, exists to-day only by virtue of her oversea

commerce. Destroy the means of protecting that commerce, and we are dealt a death-blow. Defence of our economic existence, therefore, must always constitute the base upon which we frame our policy.

But while taking the fullest measures for securing the safety of these islands and of our Dominions, we cannot be accused of being enemies to the cause of peace. What the advocates of disarmament should remember is that no one Power by voluntarily rendering itself weak and liable to attack is assisting to realise the ideal of peace. In the teachings of the Little Englander there is a paucity of logic, but on the other hand universal disarmament is justified from beginning to end by reason. It was quite logical that England, as the one Western nation dependent for existence upon its sea power, should make the first overtures towards a general reduction in armaments, and it would have been equally logical had Germany, whose navy is less essential to her national well-being, seen fit to respond. Other nations would doubtless have fallen into line, and so we should have witnessed the commencement in earnest of a movement towards universal disarmament. Mr. Churchill's excellent intentions, however, were viewed with suspicion and animosity by the Germans, and for the present the position remains unaltered, and the terrible competition in armaments continues unabated. That this competition should arouse the abhorrence of all right-thinking men is only natural, and it is quite comprehensible that their convictions should be manifested in various forms of activity. But when in certain quarters this activity assumes the shape of bitter opposition to the policy of the First Lord of the Admiralty we cease to follow the process of reason at work. Carried to its logical conclusion, this opposition is designed to weaken the measures which Mr. Churchill deems necessary to ensure our national and Imperial safety. In plain words, our margin of superiority over Germany would be reduced. What then would happen? Surely no man in his senses imagines that immediately our inferiority were established the German Government, having already flouted the proposal for reciprocal reduction, would sacrifice even the most unimportant unit in its settled programme.

It is clear, then, that neither universal disarmament nor universal reduction of armaments is assisted by the party of sectionalists who are opposing the Naval Estimates in this country. The activities of these men are wholly misdirected, and they will never attain their object so long as they confine themselves to an onslaught upon Mr. Churchill. On the contrary, their present methods are calculated to defeat the very purpose for which we have no doubt they are working.

The Radical outcry against the Estimates can only tend to create the impression abroad, and particularly in Germany, that we are growing weary of the struggle and are anxious to retire. Such an impression is not likely to establish confidence among our friends, and may conceivably lead our rivals to suppose that at

last they are nearing the achievement of their object, which is to force us to grow weary. At the same time we would remind our friends, as well as our rivals, that it is only a very small minority that opposes the Government on the question of naval policy.

Whether, therefore, we approach the problem from the standpoint of national safety or from that of universal disarmament, we come to the conclusion that only one way lies open. Great Britain must continue to augment her Navy and to maintain her superiority over Germany. Until the latter is finally persuaded that our purpose is fixed, and that we are competent, no matter what may be the cost, to carry out our purpose, there can be no hope of any cessation in the exhausting rivalry which at present characterises the relations of the two countries. At the same time we must not despair. Our peaceful proposals, it is true, have been rejected. But we owe it to the civilisation we represent that we should hold forth the olive branch; and the day must come when, realising the futility of further striving, Germany will meet us half way in an honest endeavour to remove the scourge of armaments.

## MOTORING

IT will be remembered that in July last an Imperial Motor Transport Conference, attended by some two hundred delegates from the Colonies, was held in London, with the object of considering the whole question of motor transport possibilities from an Imperial point of view. As a result of this Conference, an Imperial Motor Transport Council has been formed under distinguished auspices, the President being H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Council itself consisting of between forty and fifty of the most prominent and influential personages in Great Britain and the Colonies. The principal objects of the Council are to act as a "clearing house of ideas" on all matters relating to motor transport throughout the Empire; to form expert committees to consider any special matters of importance that may be raised in connection with this subject; and to give publicity to useful information received from its correspondents on the subject of motor transport. A small technical sub-committee, consisting of acknowledged experts in motoring and engineering matters, has been formed to enable the Council to deal promptly with inquiries relating to the selection of industrial and other motor vehicles for service abroad, and the advice of this sub-committee will be placed gratuitously at the disposal of those interested. The first practical step of the Council has been the formation of an Alcohol Motor Fuel Committee for the purpose of conducting experiments and investigations relating to the use of alcohol as a motor fuel, the general opinion having been expressed by the delegates at the Conference that the Dominions and Colonies would tangibly support efforts for the

production of a permanent and adequate supply of motor fuel within the Empire. This motor fuel question is evidently to be one of paramount importance for the future, and it is significant that serious attention should again be turned towards alcohol as the source of supply.

In reference to this fuel question, it is strange that so few motorists seem to be aware that paraffin is now a perfectly practicable proposition, and that if they choose to fit their cars with a simple and inexpensive device they can run them at considerably less than half the normal cost for fuel, without the least sacrifice of power and efficiency, and without any of those drawbacks in the way of smoke and smell which were originally associated with the use of paraffin for motor-car propulsion. Practically all motorists see one or other of the technical motor journals, and they cannot fail to have read the R.A.C. "certificates of performance," which fully confirm the above statements. That one should meet so few car owners who have given any serious attention to the matter is a striking proof of the difficulty of removing a rooted prejudice, even among a section of the community which is notorious for its eagerness to be acquainted with the latest developments.

\* \* \*

Major Lindsay Lloyd, the official timekeeper to the R.A.C. and manager of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, sends us a detailed official list of the world's speed records created at Brooklands from December, 1912, to October 1 of this year. It is a notable document, inasmuch as it shows in the most striking manner how completely the relative positions of the British and foreign cars have been reversed within the last few years. In all, world's records have been broken on no fewer than seventy-seven occasions within the nine months referred to, and in only four instances has the honour been secured by a foreign-made car. Even in this small percentage of foreign wins the triumph of the foreigner has been very short-lived, the distinction being snatched almost immediately by cars of British design and manufacture. At the present moment every one of the world's records from 50 to 1,000 miles, from 50 to 1,000 kilometres, and from 1 hour to 14 hours, is held by a car of British production.

\* \* \*

The *Autocar* is receiving subscriptions for a memorial to the memory of the late Mr. Percy Lambert, the racing motorist who did so much to enhance the reputation of the British car, and who was killed under such dramatic circumstances at Brooklands a week or two ago. The form the memorial will take will probably be the endowment of a bed at the Weybridge Cottage Hospital—a suggestion which meets with the approval of Mr. Lambert's relatives, and which, if carried out, would serve to perpetuate the name of the great driver in the way he would probably have most approved. Mr. Lambert was universally popular, and there is no doubt that the fund will be readily subscribed to by the many admirers of his skill, nerve, and courage.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE has been very little alteration in the general tone of the markets, but on the whole things are better. There is no reason why they should be except that the Stock Exchange is short of shares. I have again and again pointed out why the technical position gives people a fictitious idea of the strength of the markets. It is dangerous to count upon long sustained "bull" movements. Anyone who can see a profit should take it. These are not the days for the plunger. Of course, only reckless people go into the Stock Exchange in bad times. The wise man keeps his money in his pocket. But those gamblers who are tempted should certainly not keep their accounts open too long. The news from Mexico continues deplorable, but it has been completely discounted, and only those who have refused to cut their loss are likely to suffer. I confess that I have very little sympathy for holders of Mexican securities to-day.

The public is exercising a wise discretion when it applies for new issues. The Montreal loan went splendidly, but the Dominion Steel note issue was a failure. We are now offered by the City of Saskatoon a paltry issue of 5 per cent. bonds at 93. The town only has a population of 30,000; such securities are merely lock-ups, and should be carefully left alone. Indeed, my advice to investors in Canadian securities is apply only for issues of the very largest cities. The Straker-Squire prospectus is now out. The profits appear good, but the weak point in the prospectus is the fact that the company does not make its own cars. It is really, therefore, little better than a selling agency. The shares can only be considered as a moderate speculation. I cannot rank them higher than that. The West Caucasian Oil Fields is not a satisfactory gamble. The field is twenty-five miles from Grosny, and has yet to be proved a big oil producer. Twenty-five miles is a long distance in an oil field. It is very unusual to find a big oil supply stretching for any considerable distance. The Garland Corporation has offered two million dollars 6 per cent. preferred stock. The average income for the past four years has been over 300,000 dollars. Investors should note that there is a 6 per cent. bond issue in front, and that the market here will be practically nil. No one should therefore apply. The Rosario Drainage has offered £120,000 6 per cent. preference shares. The net revenue of this company shows a steady increase, and the shares are a fair speculation. Jamaica Copra and Estates offers two small properties containing 22,732 cocoa-nut trees. The price to be paid for the property is £19,000, which seems to me excessive. I cannot advise anyone to take an interest.

MONEY.—Money remains fairly steady. The Bank has little difficulty in maintaining its position, and although some weeks ago everyone was prophesying a 6 per cent. rate, it is quite certain that we shall get through to the end of the year without a rise. Indeed, there is some talk, although I do not believe that it has any foundation, of the Reichsbank reducing its rate.

FOREIGNERS.—In the Foreign market the tendency is certainly harder. The excuse given is that the French Budget commission will cut down the proposed loan by twenty millions, but there is no doubt that Paris and

Berlin are both over-sold, and this has given a much harder tendency. Japanese are carefully supported, and I again beg my readers to take every opportunity of selling. Brazil is doing its best to get written up in the newspapers, but this has not affected the quotation for the 1913 loan, which still remains at 7 discount, and is not attractive even at that price. There is talk of another Chinese loan and the Hong Kong and Shanghai group are therefore keeping a firm market. Russians are a little off colour, and the City of St. Petersburg new issue is worth buying at a discount. Tintos have been harder, and if they rise another point should certainly be sold, for the Copper position is definitely bad. Anaconda have been talked up, but we must not forget that if Copper falls below 15 cents the dividend would have to be cut. Indeed, each cent fall in Copper means a loss in earnings to Anaconda of 2,700,000 dollars a year. The mine is now making about 5 cents a pound profit. There is very little chance that the Americans will be able to keep Copper hard. Therefore Anaconda should be sold.

**HOME RAILS.**—The best market in the Stock Exchange has been English Railways. The jobbers who, a few weeks ago, were talking in a most despondent fashion, are now proving on paper that if the Government buy out London and North Western on the basis of the terms arranged in the sixty-year-old Bill, London and North Western would be worth 175. Anybody can work out for themselves the value of all the leading stocks if they take twenty-five years' purchases of the profits, which are calculated on the last three years. They will be surprised at the ridiculous levels at which first-class dividend-paying securities are standing. Last week I pointed out how cheap were Glasgow and South Western and North British deferred. Some "bulls" have now been making a calculation in regard to Caledonian deferred, pointing out the large sums that this railway has been spending on renewals. Its train mileage expenditure is 8d. as compared with 5d. for the average of the English railways. If it were content to revert to a normal expenditure, it could save sufficient to pay an additional 1 per cent. Traffic returns should be up at least £375,000 by the end of the year, and if the dividend is only increased to 1 per cent., "Coras" at the present price would yield £5 12s. 6d. per cent. The "bull" division declare, however, that Caledonian deferred is to be put on to a 2 per cent. basis. This is probably mere talk.

**YANKEES.**—The Yankee market remains in a very uninteresting condition. Indeed, the British public utterly declines to take a hand, and Wall Street waits for the New Year. Baltimore and Ohio gross earnings for year ended June 30 exceed 100 million dollars, and although they have gone up 9 million dollars in gross, expenses have increased so much that the actual balance available is down 563,640 dollars. After paying preferred dividend, the actual amount earned is equal to 7.22 per cent. on the common stock. There was a time when B. and O. was one of the worst lines in the United States, but now it is in splendid shape, and the securities are worth holding on to. Steels seem to me to be over-valued, and there is very little doubt that the Corporation will fail to earn its full 5 per cent. on the common stock for the month of December. Wages have increased, and it is stated that the working costs are up no less than 1 dollar 50 per ton. People in the United States take a very despondent view of the future of the Steel trade, and it seems quite safe to sell Steel common.

**RUBBER.**—The market could not be held, and Plantation tumbled under 2s. 4d., whilst the price of all shares has also dribbled away. Everybody is laughing at the

report of the Rubber Growers' Association. It is a futile document. Lanadron passed their interim dividend, and good as the estate is the shares are distinctly over-valued to-day. I think that those people who took my advice and sold their Rubber shares last week must be patting themselves on the back. I doubt whether they will get such a good chance again, but Malacca, Linggi, Bukit Rajah, and Vallambrosa should all be sold to-day.

**OIL.**—Oil shares keep remarkably firm considering the rise that has occurred. There is a perpetual tip being distributed to buy North Caucasians. My own feeling with regard to tips is that whenever a share is put through the clubs in this way it is a safe thing to get out. The distribution of assets of Egyptian Oil Trust and Red Sea will take place shortly, and the meeting has been called for December 1. The little boom in Maikop Premiers seems to have died down, and those who have a profit should certainly take it. Mexican Eagle have been sold, but it would not appear that any serious damage has yet been done to the properties. Shells are rather weak, but Royal Dutch are being kept hard in anticipation of the new issue of shares.

**MINES.**—Nothing of any interest has happened in the Mining market. The public has lost all interest, and although the "bears" have been buying back all the movements have been entirely professional. It is possible that the present account will show small rises, as the big houses always try to make things good by the end of the year. The Cam and Motor report was liked, and the shares hardened. Copper shares have been dull, and the dividend of 5s. a share in Mount Elliotts did not please the market. Tin shares have hardly been mentioned at all, and it is said that some of the Nigerian shops are in financial difficulties.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Miscellaneous market seems to be coming into favour more and more every week. Indeed, a great many of the jobbers are now quite busy, and there is really a good trade being done. Brewery stocks still continue to be bought, but as I have said before, they are now at a dangerous level. There is nothing doing in Marconis, but there are still buyers of Motor shares. It is quite safe to sell all Iron and Steel stocks. There has been a good deal more business during the week in Egyptian securities, Egypt having invested a little of the profits of its cotton crop in stocks and shares. The A. J. Van den Bergh issue of new capital seems a reasonable investment. Profits are gradually mounting up, and the dividend and bonus according to the report just issued is to be 10 per cent. and 2½ per cent. The company, as is well-known, does a large business with the margarine firm of Van den Bergh. Callard, Stewart and Watt report shows 5 per cent. earned on the ordinary shares, but the balance sheet is not particularly strong, and the security should not be held.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

GEORGE FREDERICK RAYMOND: AND HIS HISTORY OF ENGLAND, A.D. 1785.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—THE ACADEMY of February 27 contains a brief account of my finding on February 10, 1913, in a small bookshop (closed last June), at 7, Blue Boar Street, Oxford, a volume in folio, of 608 pages, in two columns, followed by 11 pages of Index, one page of "Directions to the Binder For placing the Cuts to Raymond's History of England," and two pages in three columns giving a "List of Sub-

scribers." The 608 pages are divided into XVI. Books. It is preceded by "A New and Correct Map of Great Britain, from the most accurate Surveys, by Thos. Bowen."

The title-page contains 45 lines, worded thus: "A New, Universal and Impartial History of England, from the earliest Authentic Records, and most Genuine Historical Evidence, to the Summer of the Year 1785. Containing a Clear, Authentic, Candid, Accurate, Faithful, and Circumstantial Account of every Memorable Transaction, interesting Event, and remarkable Occurrence, recorded in The Annals of *Great Britain*. with a comprehensive Account of its Origin and Progressive State, The various Revolutions it has undergone, and the Conquests and Acquisitions it has obtained in different Parts of the World. Also A concise View of the Constitution and political Establishments of Britain, its Laws, Institutions, Parliaments, Charters, Commerce, Arts, Sciences, Inventions, Civil, Ecclesiastical, Military and Naval Transactions, &c. Likewise An Accurate and Chronological Account of all the Sovereigns who have swayed the British Scepter; with an *impartial* Display of their Characters, whether distinguished for their Wisdom in the Cabinet, their Military Achievements in the Field, their private Virtues, or their public Vices. Including Anecdotes of other Illustrious and Extraordinary Personages, such as Historians, Poets, Orators, Admirals, Generals, Statesmen, Patriots, Heroes, Heroines, Divines, Physicians, Philosophers, &c. &c. whose private Virtues, and public Actions, have combined in promoting the Honour, and supporting the Dignity, of the British Nation. Interspersed with Occasional Remarks, Observations and Reflections, Wherein the Errors of former Writers are corrected, glaring Absurdities pointed out, fabulous Narrations and Legendary Tales expunged, Party Prejudices removed, and what has hitherto appeared obscure and doubtful placed in the clearest Light, and authenticated from the most undeniable Historical Evidence. The Whole comprizing, in the most accurate, clear and impartial Manner, everything worthy of being recorded in the Annals of THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Embellished and illustrated with upwards of One Hundred and Twenty beautiful Copper Plate engravings, taken from the Original Drawings of Messrs. Metz, Stothard, and Samuel Wale, Esq. by those celebrated Artists Messrs. Heath, Grignion, Walker, Taylor, Roberts, Chesham, &c., representing the most remarkable Transactions that occur in the Course of the History; with Whole Length Figures of all the British Sovereigns, from Egbert the Great, first sole Monarch of England, to their present Majesties. By GEORGE FREDERICK RAYMOND, Esq. Assisted by Alexander Gordon and Hugh Owen, Esqrs. and others, who, for many Years past, have made the History of this Country their peculiar Study. London: Printed for J. Cooke, at *Shakespear's Head*, No. 17, Pater-noster-Row."

The Dedication, on p. 3, reads thus: "To the most high, puissant and illustrious George Augustus-Frederick, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Prince of Great-Britain, Electoral Prince of Brunswick-Lunenburg, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, &c. this new, universal and impartial History of his own Country, is with all due submission, humbly inscribed, by His Royal Highness's most faithful and devoted servant, G. F. Raymond."

Book XVI ends on p. 608, under the heading of the year 1784. We must assume, therefore, that this History was printed in 1785. At the foot of the "Directions to the Binder," one reads: "N.B.—The Binder is *particularly*

desired to beat the Work before he places the Cuts, in order to prevent the Letter-Press from setting off on the Engravings."

At the foot of the "List of Subscribers," which ends the volume, there is a note to this effect: "Notwithstanding the Publisher gave two printed Notices for the Subscribers to send in their Names, and delayed the Publication of the last Number some Weeks, in order to give those who live at a great Distance the Opportunity of having their Names appear in this List, he has not been able to procure the Names of near one half of the numerous Subscribers. He hopes, therefore, that those whose Names are omitted will not be offended; and begs that he may not be blamed if any printed in this List are found wrong spelt, as he has taken great Care to have them all printed literally as they were delivered by the Newsmen, &c."

He enlisted 376 such names. One is Thomas Raymond, Deptford. Fifteen of them are followed by the title Esquire. There are 2 Clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Storer, Grantham, Lincolnshire; the Rev. Mr. George Townsend, Cheshunt. Among the numerous ladies there is Lady Charleville, Wimpole-Street. There are Mr. Vincent Lunardi, Secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador; Sir Edward Lloyd, Lower Seymour-Street, a few Officers of the Army, no Peers, and no one from Oxford or Cambridge.

"Book XVI. From the Accession of George III. to the present Time." begins on p. 528, is divided into 3 chapters, and contains the following "cuts," each described as "*Engraved for Raymond's History of England*."

1. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte., drawn by Metz, engraved by Grignion.
2. His Majesty King George III., drawn by Metz, engraved by Heath.
3. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte landing at Harwich on her way to St. James's Palace, Sepr. 7. 1761., drawn by Dodd, engraved by Collyer.
4. His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales. drawn by C. M. Metz, engraved by Heath.
5. The Right Honble. the Earl of Chatham seized with a fit in the House of Peers previous to his death., drawn by Metz, engraved by Taylor.
6. Major John Andre, Late Adjutant-General to the British Army in North-America., drawn by Dodd, engraved by Cook.
7. Gallant behaviour of an English Sailor in offering a Sword to an unarmed Spaniard to defend himself, at the taking of Fort Omoa, in the Bay of Honduras, October 20th 1779., drawn by Metz, engraved by Record.
8. Count de Grasse, the French Admiral, resigning his Sword to Admiral Rodney, after being defeated by that gallant Commander in the West Indies, on April 12th 1782., drawn by Metz, engraved by Fiegl.
9. Lord Robert Manners mortally wounded, on board the *Resolution*, in the memorable Engagement between Admiral Rodney & Count de Grasse, in the West Indies, the 12th of April 1782., drawn by Metz, engraved by Grignion.
10. General Elliott haranguing his Troops, previous to the Attack of the Gun Boats at Gibraltar, September 13. 1782., drawn by Metz, engraved by Record.
11. The Gallant Captain (now Sir Roger) Curtis, nobly Exerting himself in saving the Lives of the drowning Spaniards, after the Destruction of their Gun Boats, before Gibraltar, on the memorable 13th of Sepr 1782., drawn by Metz, engraved by Grignion.

12. Mr. Fitzherbert the British Minister Plenipotentiary, with Gravier de Vergennes, and Le Compte (sic) d'Aranda Ministers Plenipotentiary of the Courts of France & Spain, signing the Preliminary Articles of Peace at Versailles (on Jany. the 20th 1783) previous to their final Ratification., drawn by Metz, engraved by Cook.

An interesting item in the Index is: "Americans commence hostilities with the king's troops at Boston, 578. The succeeding wars consequent thereon, 581, &c." "General George Washington" occurs on pp. 599 and 600. The words "The BRITISH EMPIRE" in large letters on the title-page give quite a modern impression. The volume must have cost a large sum to the subscribers. On my recommendation it was bought for the Bodleian Library, and for not more than a guinea. It bears the name of one former owner, "Alfred H. Kebby, 1873." whose son is an assistant in the Bodleian Library. It does not appear in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1785 or 1786, or on the printed Catalogs of the British Museum, the Rylands Library, in Manchester, or the Advocates Library, in Edinburgh. The Dictionary of National Biography makes no mention of the author, who was evidently a loyal adherent of the House of Hanover; but it does mention his map-maker and most of the artists who produced the illustrations of the History. It records also the Rev. Hugh Owen, Prebendary of Lichfield, and Archdeacon of Salop (1761-1827), who wrote a History of Shrewsbury; and Alexander Gordon, the Archeological author. But the dates of the latter's life, 1692-1754, render it unlikely that he was one of the two assistants proclaimed upon the title-page. The above details have been extracted in the hope that they may enable some enquiring mind among the readers of THE ACADEMY to tell us that this History is no more a mystery. Who then was George Frederick Raymond, Esq.?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, November 15, 1913.

P.S.—In THE ACADEMY of Nov. 6, three corrections should be made in my "Jottings": 1785; furies; Thomistically.

E. B. BROWNING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The *Evening News*, in its 10,000 number, made a most remarkable mistake, by including Elisabeth Barrett Browning among the famous English writers who were alive in 1881 (the year of that journal's birth). I really should have thought it was a matter of common knowledge that Mrs. Browning died at Florence on June 29, 1861, twenty years before the *Evening News* came into existence. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

## THE FATE OF THE BRITANNIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As a Briton from Over the Seas I beg to be allowed to lodge my individual protest against what is, I understand, the premeditated intent of the British Admiralty to "break up" that good old erstwhile warship, the *Britannia*. If true, this forecast, I regard it as a sin and a shame on the part of the Admiralty. For not only does such an intention outrage the sentiments of old loyal and intelligent Britons the world over, but, if carried out, it would be wanton waste of valuable material. That

should be self-evident, since the *Britannia* is admirably fitted, even now, for use and service in other capacities and directions. For instance, to what better service could it be applied than as a floating museum, or even as a training or naval school for young cadets? At any rate it could and should be used for some worthy and befitting imperial service. Moreover, I am quite certain that Britons beyond the Seas would gladly avail themselves of any Admiralty proposition or proffer in such direction. For they would have the pride and patriotism to devise some means whereby to perpetuate the name and fame, as well as use and service, of a ship so endeared to British sympathies and memories. By all means let the Admiralty at least make some attempt to do aught in the world rather than to "break up" the good old ship *Britannia*. Faithfully yours,

EDWIN RIDLEY.

Grand Union Hotel, New York.

## "CLASSICAL" AUTHORS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of November 1, Professor H. A. Strong has some interesting remarks on the derivation of our use of the word *classic*, suggested in my article, "The Word and the Idea." On the word *classique*, Littré writes: "Qui est à l'usage des classes; qui appartient aux classes. *Livre classique* nom donné, soit aux auteurs grecs ou latins expliqués, soit aux auteurs modernes ou aux livres admis dans les classes des lycées, des collèges, ou dans les écoles."

The appearance of the word *classicus* in Aulus Gellius in the sense of "high class" can, I think, only be regarded as an odd coincidence. Yours faithfully,

JOHN RIVERS.

## DARWIN'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I was utterly astounded to see a letter in a contemporary the other day headed: "Where was Darwin buried?" wherein the writer averred that in the churchyard of Down, the little Kentish village where Darwin lived and died, he "has been shown what he was assured was Darwin's grave, with headstone inscribed to that effect"! This innocent correspondent may be assured, without the slightest possibility of doubt, that Darwin's grave is not in Down churchyard, but in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried on April 26, 1882, seven days after the illustrious scientist's death, and I was among those who attended his funeral. Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

*Richard Wagner, Composer of Operas.* By John F. Runciman. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

*The New World of the South: The Romance of Australian History.* By W. H. Fitchett, B.A. With a Frontispiece. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

*Chroniques des Comtes d'Anjou et des Seigneurs d'Amboise.* By Louis Halphen and René Poupardin. (Auguste Picard, Paris. 9 fr.)

*Histoire Ancienne de l'Afrique du Nord. Tome I.* By Stéphane Gsell. (Hachette and Co. 10 fr.)

### VERSE.

- Poems.* By R. C. Phillimore. With an Introduction by John Masefield. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Colombine.* A Fantasy by Reginald Arkell. Illustrated. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. net.)
- Poems and Miscellaneous Verse.* By J. Wells Thatcher. (Kapp, Drewet and Sons, Kingston-on-Thames. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Abelard and Heloise.* By Ella Wheeler Wilson. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. net.)
- The Spirit Pool, and Other Poems.* By Ella E. Walters. (James Brodie and Co.)
- Sonnets.* By Harry Reginald King. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. net.)
- The Master.* A Poetical Play in Two Acts. By W. G. Hole. With an introduction by Stephen Phillips. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
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